

A PRIZE  
publication

NOW MONTHLY!

March 10¢

# BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING  
ACCOUNTS OF THE  
STRANGEST STORIES  
EVER TOLD!

*magazine*

I'M SICK OF HEARING  
ABOUT YOUR **SUPERSTITIOUS**  
**FEARS!** THERE! **THAT**  
OUGHT TO BRING ME  
**SEVEN YEARS BAD**  
**LUCK--** BUT I'LL  
BET IT WON'T!

YOU DON'T REALIZE  
WHAT YOU'VE DONE,  
PAUL! **SOMETHING**  
**DREADFUL IS GOING**  
**TO HAPPEN!** I  
JUST KNOW!







WEB COMIC  
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# New Amazing Wonderful Gem

## DIAMOTHYST

*Far more brilliant than*

# DIAMONDS

### \$24 Per Carat

### DEALERS, ATTENTION:

We urgently recommend that you order a sample of this amazing product to have in your shop for comparison with a genuine diamond. Many pawnbrokers have paid out money under the impression that they were loaning on diamonds when in reality, the people were offering *Diamothyst*.

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*Diamothyst* is 7 on the Moh's scale of hardness, and diamonds are 9.

The greatest gem discovery in history, which is the result of experimentation of one of America's largest corporations, brings you *Diamothyst*, a gem with a refractory index higher than, and a dispersion factor greater than a *diamond*. Its refractory index is about 10% higher than *diamonds*. It may seem fantastic to you as it did to us, but now you can have a gem that looks like a *diamond* and is actually far more brilliant than a *diamond*, and even many DEALERS have mistaken it for a real *diamond*. Yet you can have it at about 1/30 the cost of a genuine diamond. (Buy a *Diamothyst* instead of a *diamond* and save the difference.)

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a. FISHTAIL STYLE with *Diamothyst* gem

1 carat ..... \$42.00  
2 carats ..... 66.00  
3 carats ..... 90.00  
4 carats ..... 114.00



b. MODERN GYPSY with *Diamothyst* gem

1 carat ..... \$65.00  
2 carats ..... 89.00  
3 carats ..... 113.00



c. PRINCESS EARRINGS

Please note the illustration here of the new wing-type safety mounting that is so easy to put on and so very comfortable to wear. Please specify in your order if you wish earrings for pierced ears. There is no extra cost. **\$84.00 pair**



d. BOX STYLE with *Diamothyst* gem

1 carat ..... \$60.00  
2 carats ..... 84.00  
3 carats ..... 108.00



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GUARANTEE  
WITH A 30-  
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YOUR HOME.**

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In this advertisement, you are assured, that if you are dissatisfied for any reason whatsoever, you may return the *Diamothyst* for 100% CASH REFUND WITHOUT QUESTION!

You can order them in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

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Yes! Please rush my selection of DIAMOTHYST gems as I have indicated below. If not delighted, I may return them within 10 days for full refund. My finger size is:.....

#### MOUNTED GEMS:

- ☐ A. 1 Carat *Diamothyst* Fishtail style set in 14-kt. white gold mounting ..... \$42.00
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EACH ADDITIONAL CARAT \$24.

style as shown on model

UNMOUNTED GEMS: ☐ 1 Carat \$24.00 ☐ 2 Carat \$48.00 ☐ 3 Carat \$72.00, etc.

NOTE: A \$5 deposit must accompany each order.

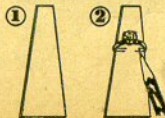
All prices tax included.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose \$5. I will pay NOTE: If you don't know your size, send thin strip of paper. ☐ I enclose full postman balance plus postage. SENT ON APPROVAL price, send postage prepaid.



### HOW TO MEASURE FINGER SIZE

(1) Cut flat, stiff cardboard into a long, narrow wedge. Take ring that fits and is not bent; (2) Slip it over narrow end of card until it stops—do not force. Draw lines at both sides of ring. Send us the cardboard. Do not send your own ring; nor use string to measure.



IT'S STILL THERE! The richest vein of gold in the California desert. But, there are other things in that lost mine--THINGS THAT ARE DEAD--AND THINGS THAT SHOULD BE! This is the true account of young Wade Wallace--who wished he'd never set out to find---

# DEAD MAN'S LODGE!

GO AHEAD! LEAD ON -- WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'LL CRAWL AFTER YOU, THROUGH THIS UNDERGROUND HADES--UNTIL I FIND THAT VEIN OF GOLD!

Produced by  
**SIMON & KIRBY**

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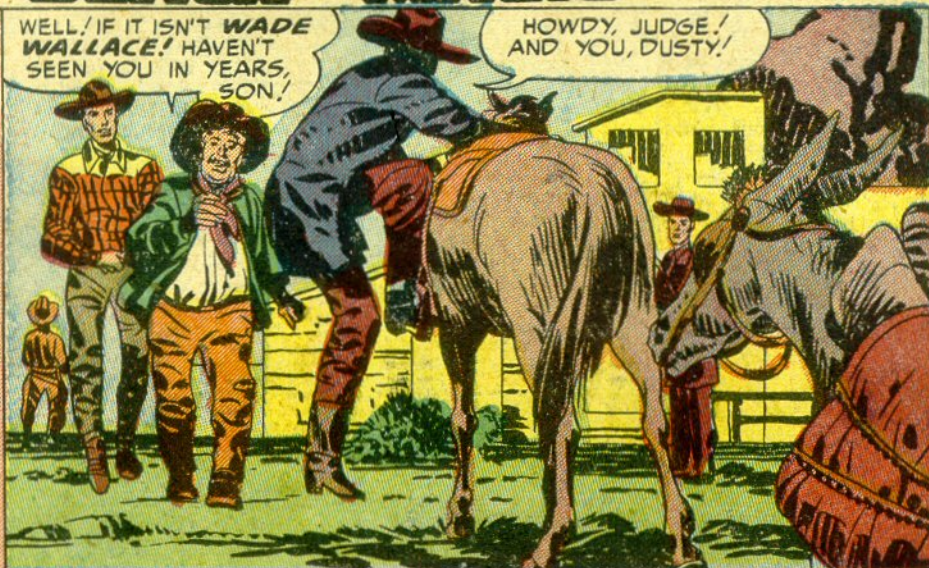


# BLACK MAGIC

NOTHING VENTURED—NOTHING GAINED! THAT PHILOSOPHY HAS BROUGHT SUCCESS TO SOME MEN... **DOOM**, TO OTHERS! IT HAS ALSO BEEN KNOWN TO LURE MEN TO THE DARK FOLDS OF THE SUPER-NATURAL—THOSE WHO VANISH CANNOT SPEAK! OUR FACTS COME FROM MEN WHO LIVED TO TELL WHAT THEY SAW! **WITNESS THE CASE OF WADE WALLACE WHO RODE INTO THE TOWN OF DRY CREEK ON AUGUST 5, 1946!**

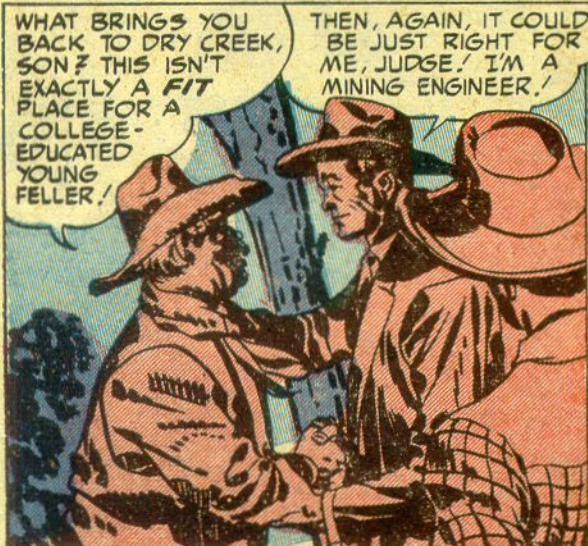
WELL! IF IT ISN'T **WADE WALLACE!** HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS, SON!

HOWDY, JUDGE! AND YOU, DUSTY!



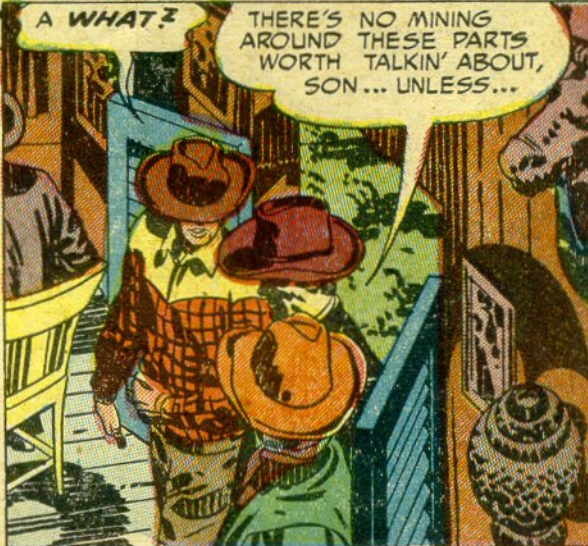
WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK TO DRY CREEK, SON? THIS ISN'T EXACTLY A FIT PLACE FOR A COLLEGE-EDUCATED YOUNG FELLER!

THEN, AGAIN, IT COULD BE JUST RIGHT FOR ME, JUDGE! I'M A MINING ENGINEER!



A WHAT?

THERE'S NO MINING AROUND THESE PARTS WORTH TALKIN' ABOUT, SON... UNLESS...



**GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'!** YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'RE GOING OUT TO FIND **DEAD MAN'S LODE!**

TO FIND IT... MINE IT... AND MAKE MY FORTUNE!



**WADE!** YOU'RE **NOT SERIOUS!** NOT ABOUT DEAD MAN'S LODE...

OH, I KNOW ALL THE OLD WIVES' TALES ABOUT ITS BEING HAUNTED! BUT I'M **NOT BUYING** THAT STUFF!

IS THAT SO! WELL LISTEN TO ME!





# BLACK MAGIC

WADE, I TELL YOU I'VE SEEN AT LEAST **A DOZEN** MEN GO OUT A LOOKIN' FOR THAT VEIN OF GOLD! **TWO** OF THEM CAME BACK! **THEY** GOT OUT OF TOWN FAST! NEVER **DID** FIND OUT WHY!

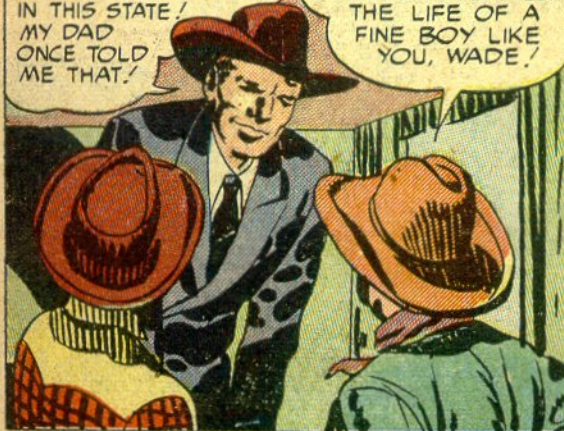


DUSTY'S NOT TELLIN' TALL TALES, WADE! THE REST OF THOSE BIRDS NEVER DID COME BACK! THEY JUST VANISHED... LIKE THEY SAY **THE MINE** ONCE DID!



THE MAN WHO FINDS DEAD MAN'S LODE WILL PROBABLY OWN THE RICHEST AND PUREST VEIN EVER WORKED IN THIS STATE! MY DAD ONCE TOLD ME THAT!

DON'T DO IT, BOY! THERE ISN'T A VEIN OF GOLD WORTH **A MAN'S LIFE**... ESPECIALLY THE LIFE OF A FINE BOY LIKE YOU, WADE!



I'LL BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS WITH SAMPLES OF GOLD ORE! YOU'LL SEE! NOW DON'T LOOK SO GOL-DURNED SAD! AT LEAST WAIT TILL **THE FUNERAL**! BE SEEING YOU!



THERE WAS NO STOPPING YOUNG WADE! HE WAS DETERMINED TO FIND THE HAUNTED MINE! HIS FRIENDS WATCHED HIM DEPART... THEY WERE STILL FEARFUL FOR THE BOY'S FATE!

THINK HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, JUDGE?

IT ALL DEPENDS ON **WHAT HE FINDS** OUT THERE, DUSTY! I'M SURE SORRY HE'S GONE A LOOKIN'!

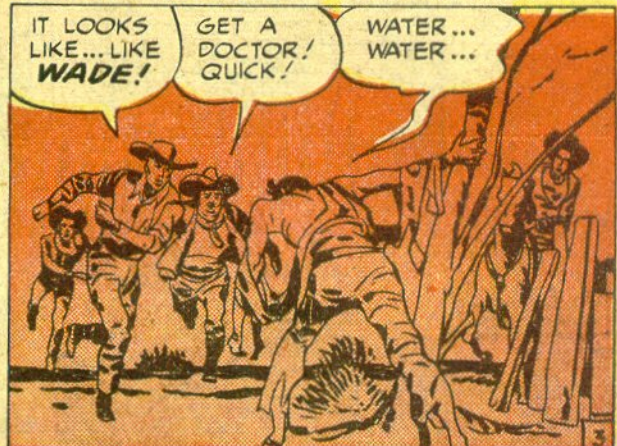


IT WAS THE LAST THE MEN SAW OF WADE WALLACE! THE FELLOW WHO RETURNED TWO WEEKS LATER, WAS ONLY A HOLLOW SHELL OF THE YOUNG MAN KNOWN AS WADE WALLACE!

IT LOOKS LIKE... LIKE **WADE!**

GET A DOCTOR! QUICK!

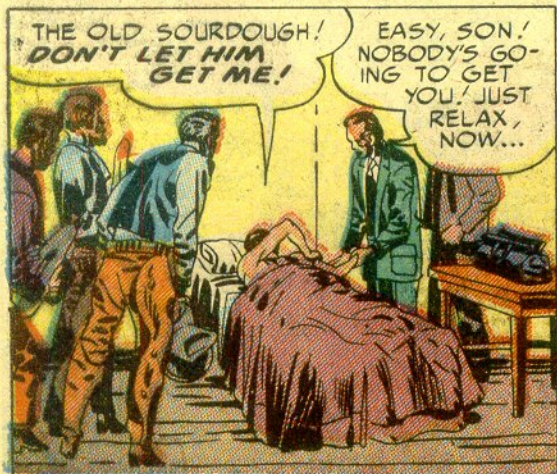
WATER... WATER...





# BLACK MAGIC

THE TOWN DOCTOR SOON MADE A HURRIED APPEARANCE, AND, THIS GROTESQUE, CARICATURE OF YOUNG WALLACE WAS GIVEN IMMEDIATE CARE!



GOT... TO WARN THE BOYS... ABOUT HIM!  
DON'T GO NEAR HIM! HE... HE'S...  
**NOT HUMAN!**



ONLY THE SUNKEN EYES SEEMED TO HOLD LIFE! LIKE TWO RED COALS, THEY WHIRLED IN THEIR SOCKETS WITH THE CRAZY ANIMATION OF FEAR! THESE WERE THE WORDS THAT WERE FORCED THROUGH THE PARCHED LIPS! WADE WALLACE'S OWN STORY OF HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE UNKNOWN!



I DIDN'T SEE THE OLD DESERT RAT... UNTIL HE SPOKE... FROM BEYOND THE FLAMES OF THE CAMP FIRE! HIS SUDDEN APPEARANCE FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THAT WILD, BARREN TERRITORY, STARTLED THE DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF ME!



**MOST** FELLERS DON'T! I WALK MIGHTY QUIET LIKE! DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT YOUR MEAL NONE...

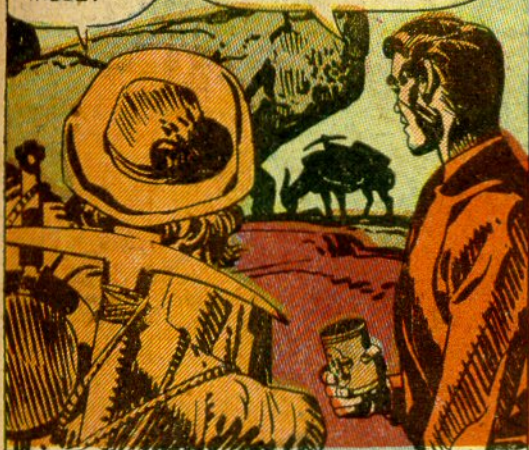




# BLACK MAGIC

THAT'S MIGHTY FINE MINING EQUIPMENT ON YOUR MULE!

BUT, HOW CAN YOU SEE IT? IT'S ALMOST PITCH DARK WHERE THE MULE IS STANDING ...



THERE ARE THEM WHAT KIN SEE MORE'N OTHERS, SONNY! YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR GOLD... AIN'T'CHA... PROBABLY HOPIN' TO FIND DEAD MAN'S LODE... AIN'T'CHA...

I... I MIGHT BE!



I CAN LEAD YOU TO IT, SONNY! I FOUND IT! THE **BIGGEST** VEIN OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA!



"WHAT HE SAID, SOMEHOW, DIDN'T SEEM IMPORTANT! IT WAS THE OLD SOURDOUGH, HIMSELF...MY SPINE CRAWLED AT THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND... THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE ... AND YET, IF HE'D SAID 'COME AND DANCE IN THE DEVIL'S DEN' I'D HAVE CRINGED...BUT I'D HAVE GONE..."

IT'S NEARBY... IN THE DESERT...AMONG THE ROCKS... I'LL SHOW YOU... ENOUGH GOLD TO BUY A MAN'S SOUL!



"I CAN STILL FEEL THE HORROR OF THAT INSANE WALK INTO THE DESERT NIGHT...THE DARKNESS CROUCHED LIKE A PANTING BEAST...FOLLOWING ME WITH HUNGRY, **EVIL EYES**... A BRISTLING BLACKNESS...ABOUT TO LAUNCH ITSELF UPON ME..."

THERE IT IS! DUG IT WITH MY OWN HANDS!



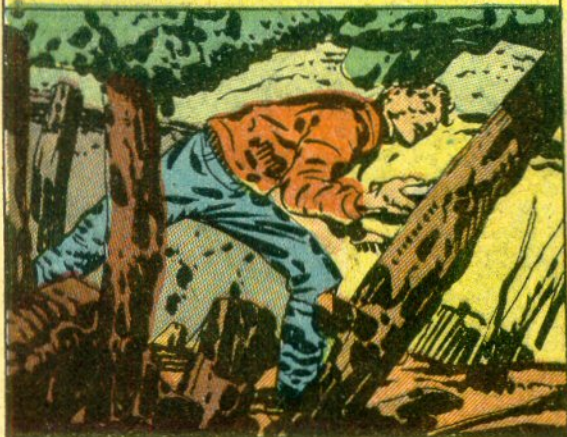
GO ON IN, SONNY... WHAT YOU FIND...IS YOURS... TILL **ETERNITY!**





# BLACK MAGIC

A MAN COULD HARDLY SQUEEZE HIS WAY INTO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE. BUT, IT GREW **WIDER** AS I WONDERED MY WAY FORWARD. CHANCE FOUND ME WITH A FLASH-LIGHT IN MY POCKET. AND, I USED IT.



THE TUNNEL BECAME A CORRIDOR -- THE CORRIDOR -- A LARGE CAVERN. THEN, I STUMBLED UPON A SCENE SUCH AS I WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN. IT WAS A VIEW OF GOLD -- **THICK AS A MAN'S FIST** -- AND SEEMINGLY RUNNING THE LENGTH OF THE CAVE.



I HURRIED TOWARD THE END OF THE CAVE -- EAGER TO SEE HOW FAR THE VIEW EXTENDED...MY LIGHT DARTED ABOUT THE CAVERN. IT WAS NOW QUITE HUGE -- ITS FLOOR, A **MOUND-LIKE FIELD OF GOLD NUGGETS** -- THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOMED IN THAT HORRIBLE FIELD WERE **GRINNING SKULLS** -- AND THEY GREW ON STALKS OF BLEACHED HUMAN BONE!





# BLACK MAGIC

IT WAS LIKE A MADMAN'S DREAM! I KNEW AT LAST WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS WHO SOUGHT "DEAD MAN'S LOPE." BUT, HOW DID THEY MEET THEIR DEATH? MY QUESTION WAS SUBTLY AND INSIDIOUSLY -- ANSWERED --

GAS! THERE'S GAS SEEPING INTO THE CAVE!



I MADE IT! I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW! I WAS ON MY STOMACH -- CRAWLING LIKE A FRIGHTENED WORM -- WHEN THE BLAST OF COOL AIR STRUCK MY FACE. I HEAVED FORWARD. BEFORE ME STRETCHED THE OPEN DESERT!



THEN, REALIZING, I WAS WASTING VALUABLE TIME, I THREW MY CIGARETTE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAVE AND TURNED TO LEAVE ...



PANIC! TERROR! AGONY! THE INSTINCT TO SURVIVE! THEY DROVE ME LIKE A WILD THING THROUGH DARK PASSAGES -- BACK TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE -- I HAD TO FIND IT -- OR ADD MY BONES TO THAT GRUESOME HEAP!

GOT TO GET OUT-OF-- THIS DEATH TRAP--



WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS STILL GULPING GREEDILY OF THE NIGHT AIR... THE OLD SOUR-DOUGH SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THE DARKNESS. WAITING FOR MY STRENGTH TO RETURN I LIT A CIGARETTE.



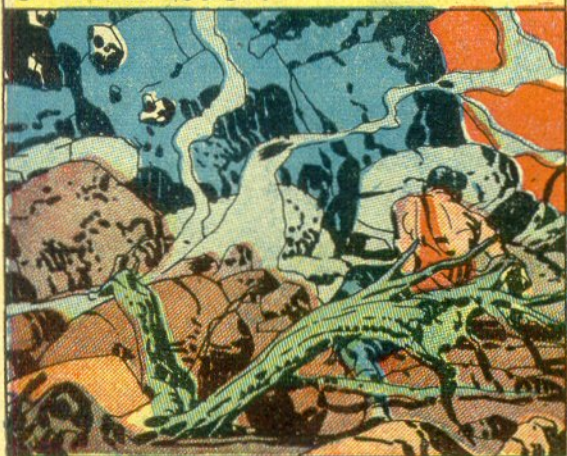
SUDDENLY THE WORLD SHOOK TO A TREMENDOUS ROAR! -- AND I WAS BLOWN OFF MY FEET!





# BLACK MAGIC

THE LIGHTED **CIGARETTE**... THE **GAS** SEEPING FROM THE CAVE MOUTH... I REMEMBERED, WHEN I PICKED MYSELF UP, BRUISED AND BATTERED, IN THE DEBRIS OF THE EXPLOSION!



ED. NOTE: WADE WALLACE ENDED HIS STORY AT THIS POINT. HE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A SKELETON, HIMSELF... AND SEEMED TO BE SINKING FAST...

BUT YOU DID COME BACK, WADE! NOW, YOU'VE GOT TO REST AND...

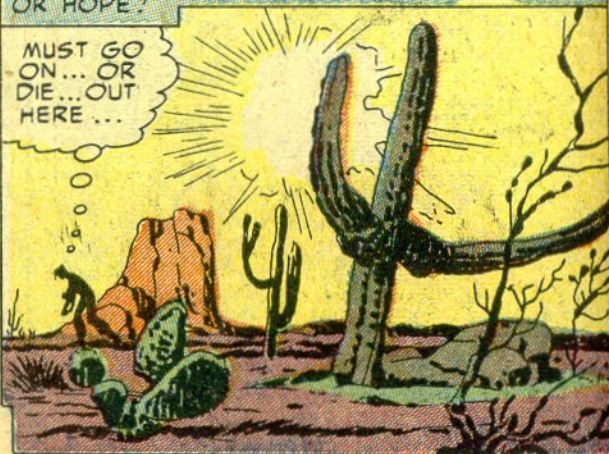
LOOK! THE MAN ON THE POSTER! IT'S THE OLD SOURDOUGH!

WANTED



NOWHERE COULD I SEE THE ENTRANCE TO THE DEAD MAN'S LODE! IT'S MOUNDS OF GOLD AND NAKED SKELETONS WERE BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK! THE SUN HAD RISEN, AND ITS HEAT MADE A FURNACE OF MY BODY! I FACED THE IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF GETTING BACK TO TOWN, ACROSS THE DESERT... WITHOUT FOOD, WATER... OR HOPE!

MUST GO ON... OR DIE... OUT HERE...



THAT'S THE OLD MAN WHO LED ME INTO THAT DEATH TRAP! I'D KNOW HIS DEVILISH FACE ANYWHERE!

LUCKY DEVERS? YOU SAW LUCKY DEVERS? I'M AFRAID YOUR EXPOSURE TO THE DESERT AND SUN HAS MADE YOU SEE THINGS!



BUT I TELL YOU I DID SEE HIM... SPOKE TO HIM... ALMOST FOLLOWED HIM TO MY DOOM!

LUCKY DEVERS WAS THE OLD MINER WHO FIRST FOUND DEAD MAN'S LODE!

HE RISKED HIS CLAIM IN A CARD GAME AND LOST! BUT, LUCKY SHOT HIS OPPONENT AND VANISHED INTO THE DESERT... HENCE THE REWARD POSTER! IT'S AN OLD SOUVENIR NOW! YOU SEE... ALL THAT HAPPENED IN 1851... A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

THOSE ARE THE ASTOUNDING FACTS ABOUT THE ONE SEARCH FOR DEAD MAN'S LODE THAT DIDN'T END IN TRAGEDY! SOMEWHERE IN THE CALIFORNIA DESERT THE RICH VEIN OF GOLD IS STILL YOURS FOR THE TAKING! WADE WALLACE INSISTS THERE'S AN OLD MINER... WHO'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU FIND IT!

WANTED



LUCKY DEVERS FOR MURDER OF







5  
Gifts  
IN  
1

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## 5 piece ensemble



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all  
**5 pieces**  
for  
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**SMART!... FOR TRAVELING,  
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☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage ☐ I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ You pay postage.

IF NOT DELIGHTED, I MAY RETURN IN 10 DAYS FOR FULL  
PURCHASE PRICE REFUND



# BLACK MAGIC

Time and time again she saw it, clear in every detail!..And yet Martha never knew the location of her--

## MEMORY HOUSE!



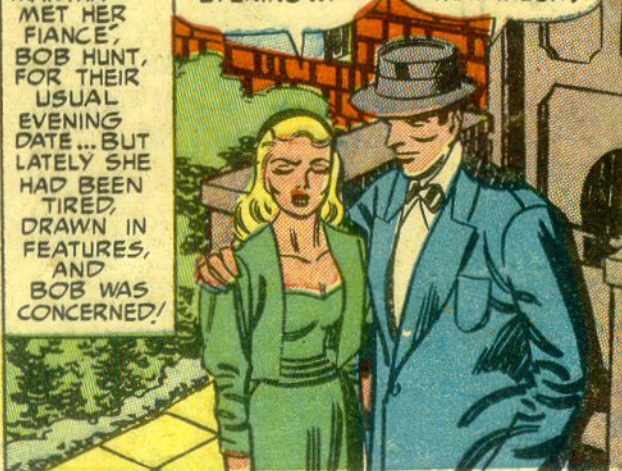
SOME EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO, MARTHA MET HER FIANCE', BOB HUNT, FOR THEIR USUAL EVENING DATE... BUT LATELY SHE HAD BEEN TIRED, DRAWN IN FEATURES, AND BOB WAS CONCERNED!

I... I'M SORRY, DARLING, IF I'VE SPOILED YOUR EVENING...

MAYBE... PERHAPS IT'S ME? DO I BORE YOU THAT MUCH?

OH, BOB, DARLING! OF COURSE NOT! IT... IT'S **THAT DREAM!** I DON'T GET MUCH SLEEP ANY MORE!

WH-WHAT'S THE DREAM ABOUT, MARTHA... SOME OTHER MAN?



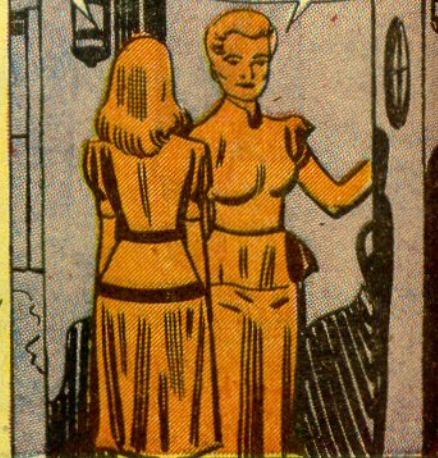
NO... NO, IT'S ABOUT A HOUSE! IT ALWAYS STARTS THE SAME WAY... I FIND MYSELF GOING UP A WALK... BEING MET AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE BY A **WOMAN!**

I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN...

...BUT **THE HOUSE!** I BELIEVE IT'S ONE I WAS TAKEN TO FOR A VERY SHORT VISIT BY MY MOTHER... WHEN I WAS JUST A CHILD... IN MINNEAPOLIS! I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OVER TWO, BECAUSE WE MOVED AWAY SHORTLY AFTER! IN MY **DREAM** THE WOMAN ALWAYS INVITED ME INTO THE HOUSE...

MAY I COME IN?

WHY, OF COURSE, MY DEAR... PLEASE DO!



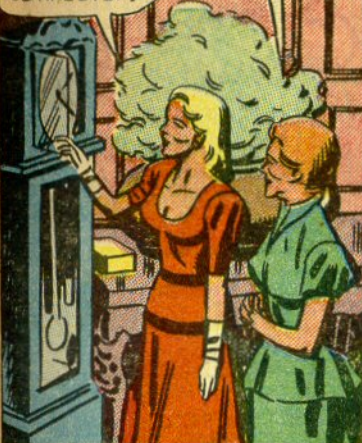


# BLACK MAGIC

I DON'T KNOW THE WOMAN'S NAME, BUT THE LETTER "R" STICKS IN MY MEMORY! SHE **FOLLOWS** ME AS I BEGIN MY TOUR OF THE HOUSE! I PAUSE, FIRST BY AN OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN THE HALLWAY...

THE CLOCK IS BEHIND TIME AGAIN! MIND IF I **SET** IT CORRECTLY?

GO AHEAD, MY DEAR!



THAT PICTURE... OVER THE MANTELPIECE... IS IT SOME RELATIVE?

IT'S **MY HUSBAND!** HE'S BEEN GONE QUITE SOME TIME.



I... I'M TERRIBLY SORRY! REALLY I AM!

WOULD YOU CARE TO GO UPSTAIRS AND LOOK AROUND? THERE'S A LOVELY ROOM OVERLOOKING THE BACK YARD! IT... IT'S THE SECOND ROOM TO YOUR LEFT!



I REMEMBER THE DETAILS SO CLEARLY! THERE'S A LARGE, CEDAR-LINED CHEST IN THE ROOM, ... HAND CARVED! AND FROM THE WINDOW, I ALWAYS STOP AND LOOK OUT AND COMMENT ABOUT A CERTAIN TREE... I BELIEVE IT'S A **DWARF APPLE!**

THE TREE IS SPLINTERED! SOME OF THE **BRANCHES** ARE TORN!

YES... ISN'T IT A SHAME!



I SEEM TO REMEMBER THE STREET... AS IF ITS NAME HAS "**FIELD**" IN IT! SOME-TIMES I'M ALMOST OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA I **MUST FIND THAT HOUSE!**

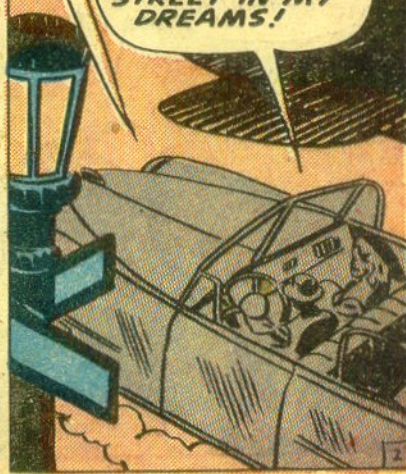
AND I'M OBSESSED WITH THE THE NOTION THAT YOU'D BETTER TUMBLE INTO YOUR TRUNDLE BED AND DREAM ABOUT THINGS ... LIKE **OUR WEDDING** NEXT MONTH!



MARTHA AND BOB WERE MARRIED ON SCHEDULE! THEY TOOK A LEISURELY AUTO TRIP TO VISIT HIS PARENTS! WITHOUT REALLY PLANNING IT, ONE EVENING THEY ENTERED THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS... TURNED UP A STREET TOWARD THE LOOP SECTION!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN THE OLD HOME TOWN AGAIN, HONEY?

HARDLY **MY** HOME TOWN! AFTER ALL, I HAVEN'T BEEN BACK SINCE I WAS A BABY! THERE'S SOMETHING **FAMILIAR** ABOUT THIS STREET... OH, LOOK! BOB, THAT STREET SIGN! GARFIELD AVENUE! "**FIELD**" THAT'S IT! **THIS IS THE... STREET IN MY DREAMS!**





# BLACK MAGIC

"MARTHA WAS ALMOST BESIDE HERSELF AS THEY DROVE DOWN THE STREET... AND BOB CAUGHT SOME OF HER EXCITEMENT WHEN THEY SAW THE HOUSE! **THE DREAM HOUSE!** COMPLETELY AUTHENTIC IN EVERY DETAIL... INCLUDING THE WOMAN WHO GREETED THEM!"

M-MAY I COME IN... I'LL EXPLAIN...

WHY, OF COURSE, MY DEAR... PLEASE DO! I'M MRS. ROGERS...



"MRS. ROGERS... THE WOMAN WITH THE 'R' IN HER NAME! SHE LISTENED TO MARTHA'S EXCITED RECOUNTAL OF HER DREAM... SPILLED IN DISBELIEF!"

JUST AS I'VE KNOWN IT WOULD BE! EVEN **THE PICTURE** OVER THE MANTELPiece!

IT **IS** STRANGE, MY DEAR! TO HAVE SUCH A MEMORY OF A PLACE... A PLACE YOU'VE ONLY VISITED ONCE... **SO MANY YEARS AGO!**



MRS. ROGERS... DO YOU HAVE A ROOM UPSTAIRS... OVERLOOKING THE BACK YARD... DOES IT CONTAIN A HAND CARVED CHEST?

WHY, YES... MY HUSBAND BROUGHT THE CHEST FROM SHANGHAI... THAT'S HIS PICTURE ON THE WALL!

WOW! SEEMS I'VE MARRIED A **MYSTIC!**



UNERRINGLY, MARTHA LED THE WAY UP-STAIRS! **EVERYTHING WAS THERE AS SHE HAD DESCRIBED IT...** EVEN THE DWARF APPLE TREE IN THE BACK YARD!

THERE IT IS! SPLINTERED AND WITH **BROKEN BRANCHES...**

STRANGE... IT WAS IN PERFECT CONDITION UNTIL **LIGHTNING** STRUCK IT... ONLY **THREE YEARS AGO!**



STILL... SOMETHING IS **MISSING!**... I KNOW! THE **GRANDFATHER CLOCK!** IT STOOD IN THE HALLWAY... RIGHT OVER THERE!



WHY... WHY YES! MR. ROGERS BOUGHT ONE AT AN AUCTION... ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO! **IT NEVER KEPT TIME!**... AFTER MY HUSBAND'S DEATH... SO I GOT RID OF IT!



"THERE IS LITTLE TO ADD TO THE STORY... FOR IT'S TRUE! AND TRUTH HAS **MANY** SIDES WHICH WE CANNOT OFTEN SEE! HOW FAR CAN OUR THOUGHTS TRAVEL? IS MENTAL CONTACT ACROSS VAST DISTANCES POSSIBLE? IS **TELEPATHY** JUST A WORD... OR A **HUMAN POWER?** DO CASES LIKE MARTHA'S HAVE THE ANSWER?"



# SMALL BUST WOMEN

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra  
Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline  
Instantly

COLORS:

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- WHITE
- BLACK
- BLUE

SIZES:

28  
to  
38

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One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:

"... It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour."

—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas



**BEFORE** Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.

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With the "Up-And-Out" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric — easy to wash. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. Only \$2.49. Mail Coupon Now.

**SEND NO MONEY!**

**FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON**

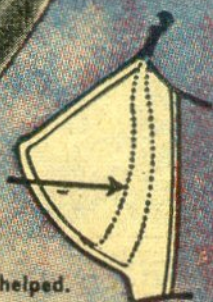


### Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra

which does wonders for your individual bust problem.

Below are some types who can be helped.

Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up and Out" curves like magic instantly!



Tested Sales, Dept. MR-77B2

20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush to me my "Up-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery \$2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_ How Many \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing \$2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

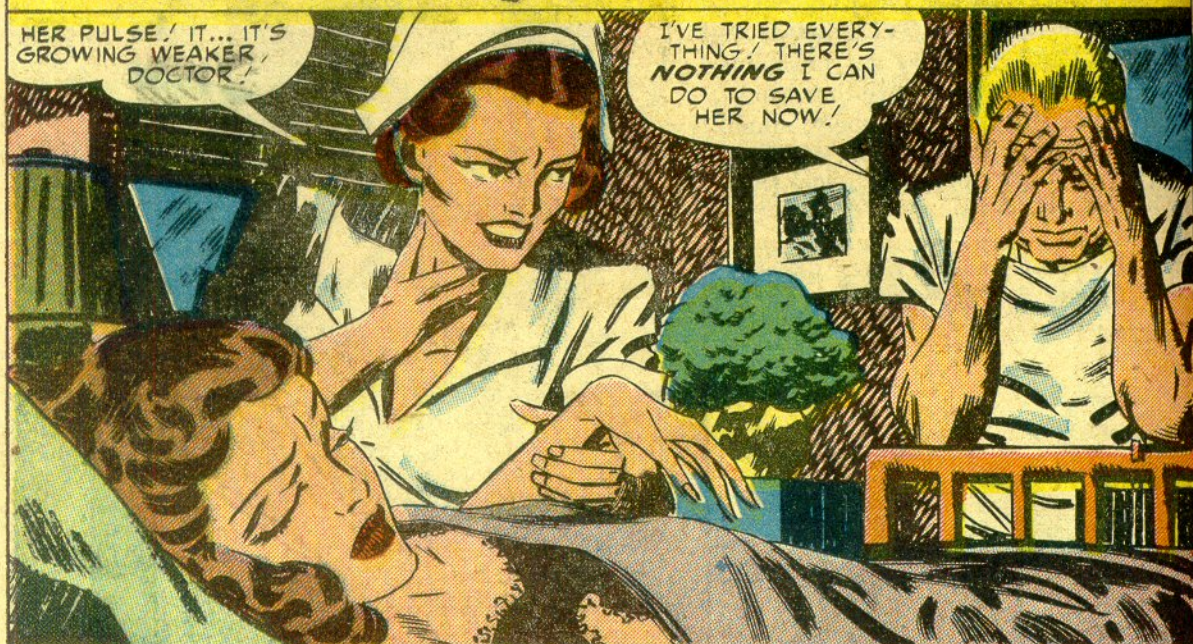
Tested Sales, Dept. MR-77B2  
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.



# BLACK MAGIC

They were thousands of miles apart--yet he heard his sister's call! This is a true account of a strange visitation which, having no explanation in this world, may be one more clue to--

## The WORLD BEYOND REALITY!



HER PULSE! IT... IT'S GROWING WEAKER, DOCTOR!

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO SAVE HER NOW!

THE COLD WIND PIERCED THE LONELY RAILROAD STATION THAT OCTOBER EVENING IN 1928, AS PHYLLIS TEARFULLY SAID GOOD-BYE TO HER BROTHER, FRANK! SHE SHIVERED A BIT... AS MUCH FROM A SUDDEN PREMONITION AS FROM THE RAW TEMPERATURES...

OH, FRANK! I'M SUDDENLY AFRAID! AS IF... I... I SHOULDN'T BE TAKING THIS JOURNEY!



WHY DON'T YOU STAY, PHYL? WE HAVE MANY ABLE DOCTORS HERE IN THE WEST... YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OPERATION HERE... THEN RECUPERATE AT MY RANCH!

NO, FRANK! IT'S A VERY SERIOUS OPERATION...



I WANT TO BE IN THE HANDS OF OUR OLD FAMILY DOCTOR! SOMEONE IN WHOM I'VE COMPLETE TRUST!

I HATE TO SEE YOU GO SO... SO ALONE! IF ONLY I COULD GET AWAY FROM THE RANCH! IF ONLY WE HADN'T BEEN ORPHANS! A THOUSAND "IFS"!

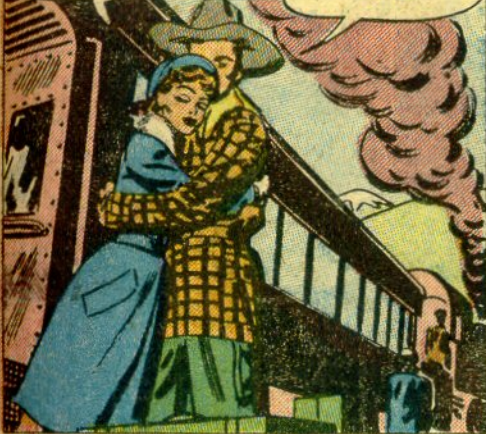




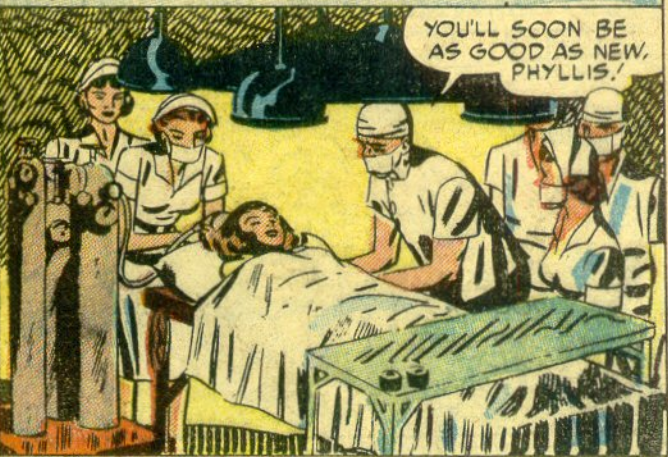
# BLACK MAGIC

I... I'LL BE OKAY, FRANK! BUT PRAY FOR ME!

I'LL BE WITH YOU EVERY MINUTE, SIS! AND IF YOU REALLY **NEED** ME, JUST... JUST GIVE ME A CALL!



THERE WERE TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS WHEN PHYLLIS WISHED DESPERATELY THAT FRANK WASN'T THE ONLY MEMBER OF HER FAMILY LEFT! BUT KIND DOCTOR SLOAN GAVE GREAT COMFORT AND SOLACE!



YOU'LL SOON BE AS GOOD AS NEW, PHYLLIS!

ALL RIGHT, NURSE! BEGIN THE ANESTHESIA!



EVERYTHING BECAME LOST IN A BLUR OF MILKY WHITENESS! FIGURES IN SURGICAL COSTUMES SEEMED TO SWIM ALL ABOUT HER... IN FOCUS... THEN IN SHADOW! AND ABOVE EVERYTHING, VOICES... VOICES... VOICES!



WATCH HER RESPIRATION!

PULSE STEADY!

READY WITH THE SCALPEL!

SHE CAME TO, WHAT SEEMED HOURS LATER, IN HER HOSPITAL ROOM! IN WAVES AND SPELLS SHE FELT CONSCIOUSNESS RETURN... FELT THE ANXIOUS PRESENCE OF DOCTOR SLOAN AND A NURSE... ALTHOUGH HER EYES REFUSED TO OPEN!



PULSE BEAT WEAK, DOCTOR!

IT'S UP TO **HER** NOW! SHE MUST **FIGHT!** THIS IS THE MOMENT OF **CRISIS!**

A ROAR IN HER EARS... WEAKNESS OVERCOMING HER... AS PHYLLIS BEGAN TALKING WILDLY... ALOUD! AND ABOVE HER VOICE... THE DOCTORS!



WE MUST KEEP HER TALKING! I CAN GIVE HER ONE MORE INJECTION... IF **THAT** DOESN'T WORK... IT... IT'S ALL OVER!



# BLACK MAGIC

VOICES, VOICES, VOICES! HER OWN AND THE EXCITED MURMUR OF OTHERS! HER OWN VOICE... CALLING WILDLY!

FRANK... FRANK! I NEED YOU... NEED YOU! FRANK, COME QUICKLY!



A SUDDEN RETREAT INTO OBLIVION! THEN A STRANGE PEACE! PHYLLIS OPENED HER EYES IN HER DESERTED ROOM... SAW THE DOOR OPEN! IT WAS A MIRACLE! A SMILING, IF ANXIOUS FRANK ENTERED!

FRANK!

HELLO, SIS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HONEY?



A STRANGE, STRONG SURGE OF LIFE CREPT OVER PHYLLIS AS SHE HAPPILY CLUNG TO HER BROTHER!

I... I'M FINE NOW! OH, FRANK, I WAS DESPERATELY HOPING YOU WOULD COME!

GUESS THE RANCH CAN STAND MY ABSENCE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS!



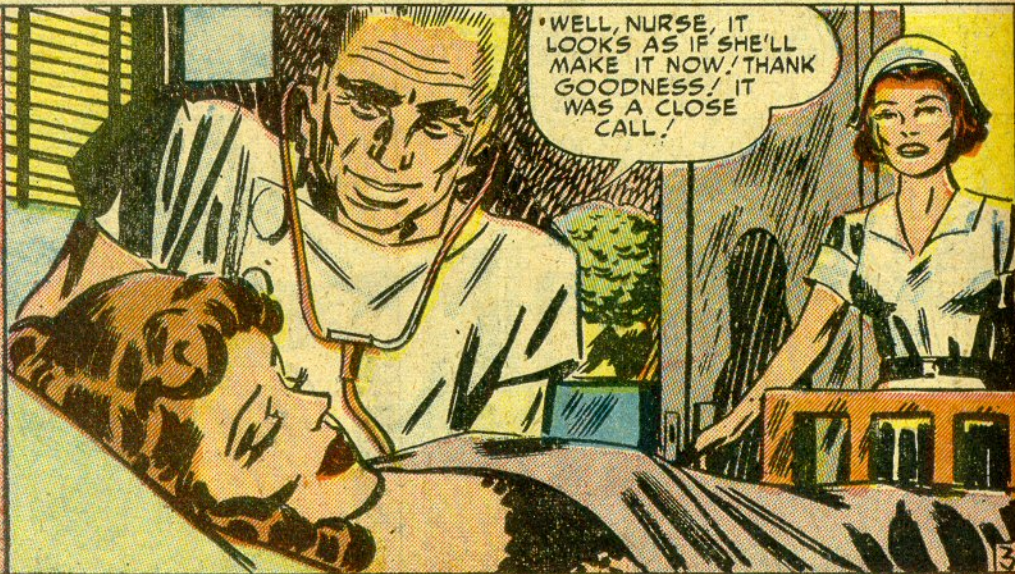
OH, YOUR LOVELY RANCH! IT'S SO MUCH A PART OF YOU, FRANK! I CAN SMELL IT'S WONDERFUL PICTUREQUE OUTDOORS FROM YOUR VERY CLUTCHES!

AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO RECUPERATE FROM YOUR OPERATION OUT THERE! JUST DON'T LEAVE US NOW! STAY WITH US, PHYLLIS! HANG ON!



SHE FELT FRANK'S BROTHERLY KISS... HEARD HIS WORDS! THEN HE GENTLY LOWERED HER HEAD BACK TO THE PILLOW AND SHE WENT OFF INTO A HEAVY TRANQUIL SLEEP!

'WELL, NURSE, IT LOOKS AS IF SHE'LL MAKE IT NOW! THANK GOODNESS! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL!





# BLACK MAGIC

OH, I'M SO GLAD! SHE'S SUCH A PRETTY THING -- AND FOUGHT SO **BRAVELY!** BY THE WAY, DOCTOR... THERE'S A LONG DISTANCE CALL FOR HER --

FOR PHYLLIS?



YES, DOCTOR! FROM HER BROTHER **FRANK**-- SOME FARAWAY PLACE IN **THE WEST!** HE SAYS HE'S TERRIBLY ANXIOUS ABOUT THE OPERATION-- **HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP ALL NIGHT THINKING ABOUT IT!!!**



THE RECORDS SHOW THAT **FRANK WILLIAMSON NEVER LEFT HIS RANCH THAT NIGHT!** YET, AS SURE AS LIFE ITSELF, HIS SISTER **SAW HIM--SPOKE TO HIM, IN HER MOMENT OF CRISIS! DID PHYLLIS, FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT, ENTER A NEW PLANE OF EXISTENCE, WHERE WONDERS ARE COMMONPLACE?--**

## PARTIAL CONTENTS

How to "Break the Ice"  
How to Make Everyday Events Sound Interesting  
How to Make Your Sweetheart Write More Often  
How to Express Your Love  
How to Make (or Break) a Date  
How to Acknowledge a Gift  
How to "Make Up"  
How to Say "Those Little Things"  
How to Assure Him (or Her) of Your Faithfulness  
How to Make Him (or Her) Miss You  
How to Propose by Letter



WRITE

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# BLACK MAGIC

When Charles Street smashed his mirror, he was smashing all superstition--But he was also asking for--

## SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK!



CHARLES STREET HADN'T SEEN HIS FACE IN SEVEN YEARS. AND NOW... AFTER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PLASTIC SURGERY OPERATIONS HE WAS HAVING THE BANDAGES REMOVED.

NOW JUST HOLD STILL FOR A SECOND LONGER AND WE'LL LET YOU LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR.

YOU'D THINK AFTER SEVEN YEARS A FEW SECONDS WOULDN'T MATTER. BUT SUDDENLY I'M AS ANXIOUS AS A LITTLE KID WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING!

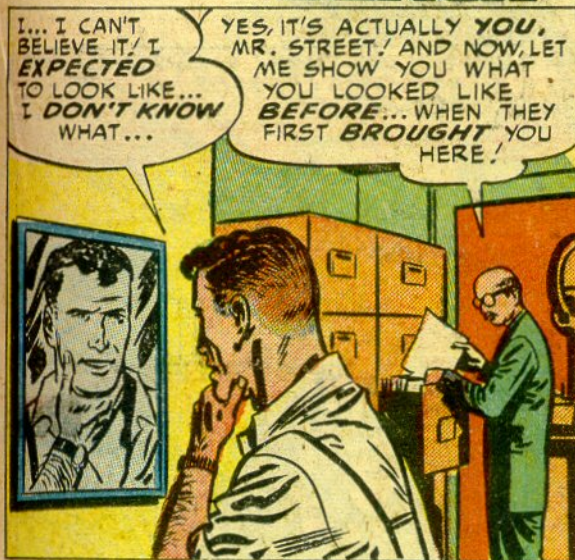


THERE! NOW GO TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOURSELF!





# BLACK MAGIC



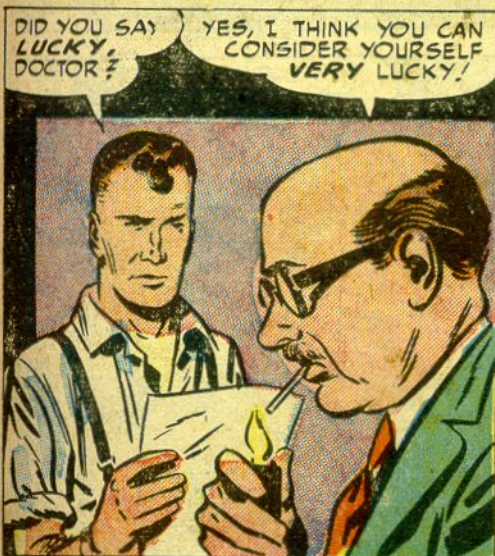
I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I EXPECTED TO LOOK LIKE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

YES, IT'S ACTUALLY YOU, MR. STREET! AND NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE BEFORE... WHEN THEY FIRST BROUGHT YOU HERE!



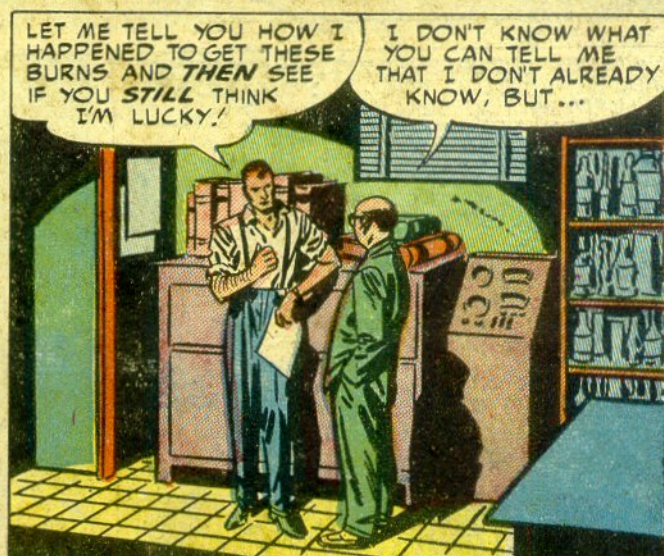
GREAT SCOTT! YOU MEAN I ACTUALLY... YOU MEAN THAT'S REALLY A PICTURE OF ME?

THERE WAS A THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE OF BRINGING YOUR FACE BACK TO ITS NORMAL CONDITION! YES, SIR, YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY MAN!



DID YOU SAY LUCKY, DOCTOR?

YES, I THINK YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELF VERY LUCKY!



LET ME TELL YOU HOW I HAPPENED TO GET THESE BURNS AND THEN SEE IF YOU STILL THINK I'M LUCKY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN TELL ME THAT I DON'T ALREADY KNOW, BUT...



EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS AGO TODAY, I WAS ONE OF THE HAPPIEST MEN ALIVE! I HAD A HOME OF MY OWN, AND A WONDERFUL WIFE! ALSO, I HAD A THRIVING BUSINESS! A MAN COULDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!



... I WAS A THANKFUL MAN AS I KISSED MY WIFE BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE THAT MORNING.

'BYE, SWEETHEART!

DO BE CAREFUL TODAY, DARLING! IT'S FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH... AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



# BLACK MAGIC



JANE, WILL YOU EVER GET OVER **THOSE SILLY SUPERSTITIONS?** FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH IS NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER DAY!

I KNOW, DARLING! BUT STILL THERE'S NO SENSE IN INVITING DISASTER!

"I LAUGHED AT MY WIFE, LAUGHED LIKE THE CLEVER KNOW-IT-ALL THAT I WAS... AND I WENT ON ABOUT MY DAY'S WORK! WHEN I RETURNED THAT NIGHT, I WAS SURE I HAD MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT ALL HER SUPERSTITIONS WERE NONSENSE!"

JANIE, TODAY **TWO BLACK CATS** CROSSED MY PATH!



I WALKED UNDER EVERY LADDER I COULD FIND, SPILLED SALT AT LUNCH, AND LIT THREE ON A MATCH!

OH, CHARLIE, YOU DIDN'T!



YES I **DID**... AND I GOT THE **LUCKIEST BREAK** OF MY LIFE! BILL CLARK CALLED ME RIGHT AFTER LUNCH AND TOLD ME THAT A SHIPLOAD OF SCARCE CHEMICALS HAD JUST PULLED INTO PORT AND THAT THE COMPANY THAT HAD ORDERED THEM COULDN'T PAY!



I BOUGHT THE WHOLE SHIPMENT! DARLING, WE'RE UP TO OUR NECKS IN DEBT... BUT WE HAVE **A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS** WORTH OF CHEMICALS JUST WAITING TO BE TURNED INTO **CASH!**

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH! BUT... BUT **WHERE** DID YOU GET THE **MONEY?**



THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO TURN THE DEAL DOWN, UNCLE HORATIO WALKED INTO MY OFFICE AND AGREED TO **LEND** ME THE MONEY!

IT... IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL, BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE **RISK ON FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH!**



# BLACK MAGIC

RISK? DARLING, THIS IS LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK! NOW, COME ON, GET YOUR HAT AND COAT! WE'RE EATING OUT TONIGHT TO CELEBRATE OUR GOOD LUCK!



JUST THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE TO...

DARN IT, THERE'S THE PHONE! HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN IT TO FAIL?



HELLO? CHARLES STREET SPEAKING! WHAT?



...OH, NO! IT **CAN'T** BE! WASN'T IT **INSURED**? GREAT SCOTT, BILL, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS **MEANS** TO ME?



"I HUNG UP THE PHONE LIKE A MAN WALKING IN A BAD DREAM! BILL CLARK TOLD ME THAT THE WAREHOUSE WITH THE CHEMICALS IN IT HAD CAUGHT FIRE AND BURNED DOWN! I WAS COMPLETELY WIPED OUT... AND SHOULDERS WITH AN INSUR-MOUNTABLE DEBT!"

DARLING, I... I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T GO TONIGHT! WE HAVE **NOTHING TO CELEBRATE!**



AS A MATTER OF FACT WE HAVE NOTHING... **PERIOD!** THE WAREHOUSE HAS **BURNED DOWN!**

OH, CHARLIE, NO!



I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE, JANE... AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

NO, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, **NOW!** BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME THIS MORNING! I **TOLD** YOU TO BE CAREFUL, THAT IT WAS FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH!





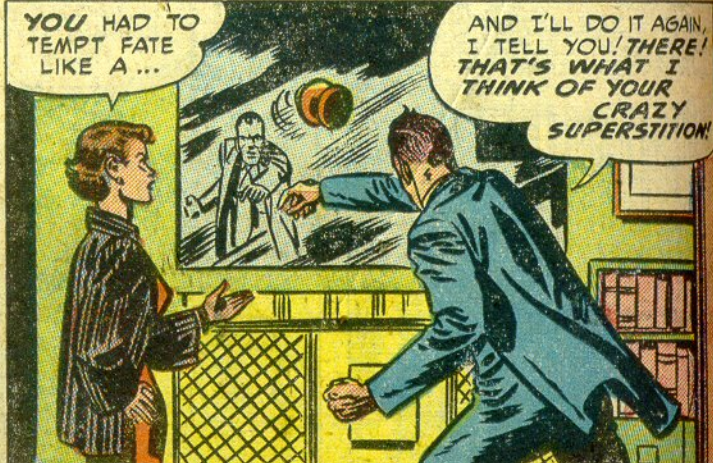
# BLACK MAGIC



OH, NO! YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! YOU HAD TO GO OUT AND WALK UNDER LADDERS AND SPILL SALT!

JANE, PLEASE!

"I WAS ALMOST OUT OF MY MIND AND JANE KEPT SCREAMING AT ME! SUDDENLY, I LOST MY HEAD COMPLETELY AND PICKED UP A VASE THAT WAS LYING NEARBY AND HURLED IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT AT THE MIRROR ON THE WALL!"



YOU HAD TO TEMPT FATE LIKE A ...

AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN, I TELL YOU! THERE! THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOUR CRAZY SUPERSTITION!



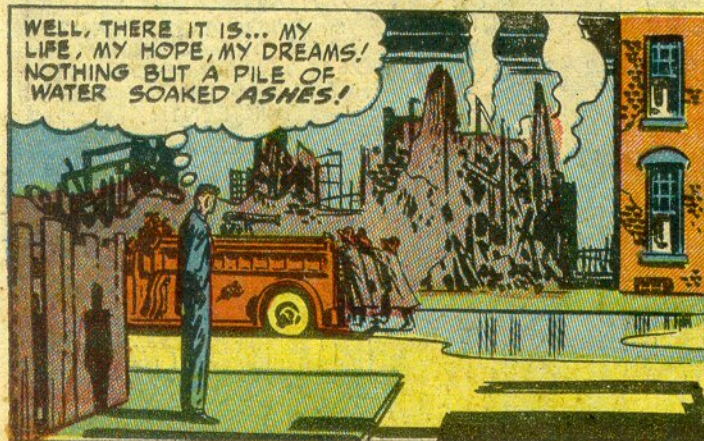
CHARLES!



NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! NOW WE'LL HAVE SEVEN YEARS HARD LUCK! DO YOU HEAR? SEVEN YEARS HARD LUCK!

LET IT BE SEVENTY YEARS HARD LUCK FOR ALL I CARE! WHAT MORE COULD HAPPEN?

"I WALKED OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR TO TRY TO CLEAR MY HEAD, AND BEFORE LONG, I FOUND MYSELF ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE WAREHOUSE THAT HAD SO SHORTLY BEFORE HELD MY FORTUNE! I WAS OBSESSED WITH A DESIRE TO SEE IT... TO SEE THE REMAINS OF WHAT I HAD BUILT MY DREAMS ON!"



WELL, THERE IT IS... MY LIFE, MY HOPE, MY DREAMS! NOTHING BUT A PILE OF WATER SOAKED ASHES!

"AS I STOOD THERE FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, A FLASH OF LIGHT CAUGHT IN THE CORNER OF MY EYE, AND A PIERCING SCREAM FILLED THE NIGHT... I TURNED TO LOOK ... IT WAS COMING FROM THE TENEMENT NEXT DOOR..."



FIRE!

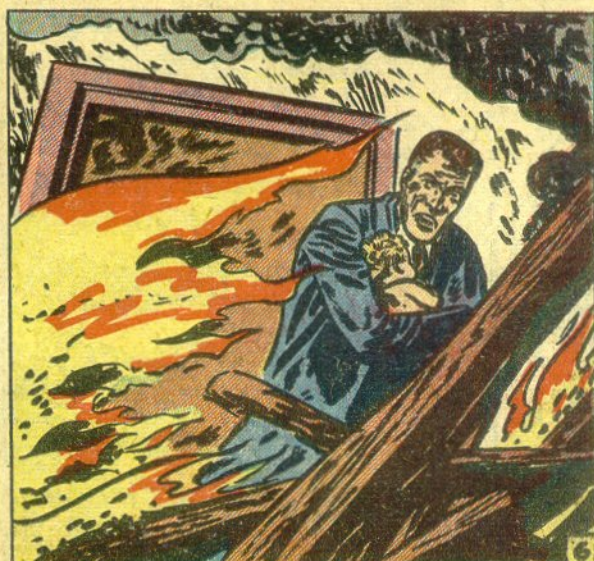
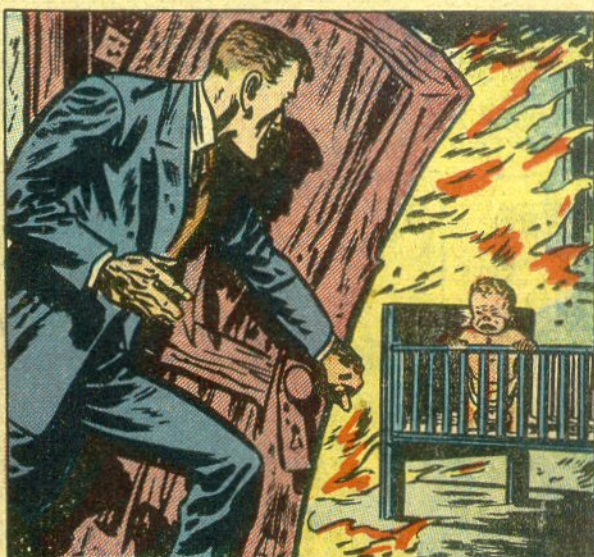


# BLACK MAGIC

THE HEAT FROM THE WAREHOUSE FIRE MUST HAVE SPREAD TO THE TENEMENT AND, WITH DELAYED COMBUSTION, SET IT AFLAME. IN THAT MOMENT, MY CARES WERE FORGOTTEN AND I FOUND MYSELF RUSHING INTO THE BUILDING.



IT WAS A WOODEN FRAME HOUSE, SOME FIFTY TO SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, AND I KNEW THAT IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, IT WOULD BE A RAGING INFERNO. A LONE VOICE FROM THE TOP FLOOR SPEEDED MY LEGS IN THAT DIRECTION!





# BLACK

# MAGIC

I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST OF THE STORY BETTER THAN I DO!

YES, YOU WERE A **SORRY** SIGHT, WHEN YOU STAGGERED OUT OF THAT HOUSE! AT THE TIME, I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN YOU THE CHANCE OF A SNOWBALL IN AN INFERNO! I **STILL** SAY, YOU WERE PRETTY **LUCKY!**



FOR SEVEN YEARS, I'VE BEEN HEARING MY WIFE'S LAST WORDS... "**SEVEN YEARS HARD LUCK!**"

OH, COME NOW, STREET, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE **BROKEN MIRROR** HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR MISFORTUNE?



**HOW YOU LOOK AT IT?** WHAT ELSE **COULD** YOU CALL THAT BUT **HARD LUCK?**

IF I WERE THE BOY YOU SAVED, I WOULD CALL IT **GOOD LUCK!** AFTER ALL, IF YOU HADN'T GONE DOWN TO THAT FIRE, **HE** WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN **ALIVE TODAY!**



FOR **SEVEN YEARS**, DOCTOR, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO A BIT OF WORK. I'M UP TO MY NECK IN DEBT, MY WIFE IS ILL, AND I'VE SUFFERED MORE PAIN THAN THE AVERAGE HUMAN BEING EXPERIENCES IN A **LIFETIME!**



STILL THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE **IS** RATHER STRONG! AND YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT, I **DID** HAVE SEVEN YEARS **HARD LUCK!**

WELL, THAT'S A MATTER OF HOW YOU LOOK AT IT!



OH, EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A PATIENT WITH YOU!

COME IN, MISS WILSON! YOU REMEMBER MR. STREET, DON'T YOU?





# BLACK MAGIC

WHY... WHY OF COURSE! IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN IT MYSELF IN QUITE A WHILE, MISS WILSON. CIGARETTE?

WHY... WHY OF COURSE! BUT I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU, MR. STREET. IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR BRINGING IT UP, THIS IS REALLY THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE!



MR. STREET HAS JUST TOLD ME A VERY INTERESTING STORY OF HOW HE HAPPENED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHEN THE FIRE STARTED.

OH?



I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND **THREE ON A MATCH, STREET?**

SEVEN YEARS AGO, DOCTOR, I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN IT A **THOUGHT**. BUT **TODAY...** WELL, I'LL LIGHT MY OWN, THANK YOU!



IF YOU FEEL THAT CHARLES STREET IS BEING TOO CAUTIOUS—PERHAPS, YOU WOULD MATCH HIS AUDACITY—AND **SMASH A MIRROR!**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

OF BLACK MAGIC, published Bi-monthly at Buffalo, N.Y. for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.; Editor, Joe Simon and Jack Kirby, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Maurice Rosenfield, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.; Michael M. Bleier, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.; Paul Epstein, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) MAURICE ROSENFELD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1951.

(Signed) IRVING KAPLAN, Notary Public, State of New York, Qualified in N.Y. County, No. 31-2031800. Certificate filed with N.Y. Kings Co. Clk. & Reg. Term Expires March 30, 1953.



# The TYPEWRITER of HENRY SILVERS

It was just a dilapidated old typewriter...it had no strange powers...That was what Chad Nichols tried to tell himself!



**C**HAD NICHOLS pretended to be deeply engrossed in the papers on his desk. He was fully aware that Henry Silvers was standing in the doorway waiting to be noticed. Henry had cleared his throat softly several times, in the obvious hope that it

would attract his attention, but Nichols hadn't looked up at all. Henry could just wait until he got good and ready to acknowledge his presence.

The certain knowledge that Henry would stand there all day if necessary, made him hate the timid, frightened little writer more than ever. He despised people who let you walk all over them and never complained. Sure, Henry was the best science fiction writer he had, but the man acted like a jittery kid who was hanging onto his job by the skin of his teeth. If Henry ever got wise to himself, Nichols knew he'd have to give him just about anything he demanded because he needed the man. Everyone else in town would be glad to hire him.

He could hear Henry nervously shuffling from foot to foot. Well, maybe he'd made him wait long enough—the longer he made Henry stand there the less work the writer would get done today.

"Well, Henry, what is it?" he asked with great weariness in his voice.

"Uh..." Henry always gave out with this startled little noise which made him sound like a frightened bird. "I just have an outline on next month's Captain Spatial. Would you have time to look it over now?"

Nichols took the several sheets of paper from Henry's hand and scrutinized them. He knew before he read the first paragraph that it would be exactly the story he wanted. For over ten years, Henry had turned out the best writing in the field—and the beauty of the situation was the fact that Henry had never realized this. He thought he'd be nothing without Nichols's careful editing. Nichols did nothing to dispel the idea.

He sighed heavily several times as he read the outline, as though the story was putting him to sleep. This one was a corker. Captain Spatial was more heroic than ever—and the villain, Dr. Westmore, was the cruelest, most fiendish character Henry had ever created. The story would singlehandedly sell the next issue of Space Stories.

"Well," Nichols said slowly. "It isn't quite what I had in mind, but we're rushed for time. Pep it up a little and I guess it can go through." Henry smiled his gratitude and headed back to his own cubicle.

"Just a minute, Henry," Nichols said quietly. Henry turned as suddenly as though he were manipulated by controls from Nichols's desk.

"Yes, sir," he said quietly and waited.

"Henry, I think your stuff has been slipping lately. You know we demand work of the highest caliber around here. I think you'd better put a little more realism into your yarns, or we might have to give the Captain Spatial stories to someone else."

He saw the hurt in Henry's eyes. Captain Spatial had always been his baby—the alter ego of a shy, frightened little man. If anyone ever took that away from him, he'd probably just wither up and die.

"I...I do my best, Mr. Nichols," Henry said. "But..."

They were interrupted by the appearance of a dirty, stooped old man who stood in the doorway as though he had every right in the world to be there. How had he gotten in? That stupid receptionist was probably downstairs having coffee again. She'd normally never let a creature like this get by her.

"I beg your pardon, gents," the old man mouthed. "Seeing this is a publishing house, I thought you might have use for a second-hand typewriter. I got a beauty out here. The last writer who had it..."

"Get out of here," Nichols yelled.

But Henry was already halfway to the door. "Please, Mr. Nichols, do you mind if I look at it. I need another typewriter."

"Oh, go ahead."



A few minutes later Henry returned, lugging the most battered typewriter Nichols had ever seen.

"I bought it," Henry said shyly. "There was something about it; I just had to take it."

Nichols gave him a look intended to clearly indicate that he thought him crazy. For once Henry seemed undisturbed by the look.

"Now, if it isn't too much trouble, will you get busy with that story. I'd like to have it tomorrow."

He forgot about Henry and the typewriter for the rest of the morning, but during lunch hour, he saw Henry polishing and oiling the ancient machine. Well, if it made him happy...

That afternoon, he noticed that Henry had discarded the regular office machine in favor of his purchase, and was happily at work. He'd never seen Henry work so fast.

Nichols settled back in his chair and listened to the steady rhythm of the old machine. The drone of the typewriter was making him sleepy. Well, why shouldn't he have a cat-nap? He certainly worked hard enough.

Nichols straightened up suddenly. There was no longer any noise from the adjoining offices. He looked about carefully. Why—he wasn't in his office any longer. He was in a huge circular building, that somehow seemed familiar to him. Yet he was positive he had never been there before.

Gradually, he realized that he was being stalked and that he, Chad Nichols, was trying to escape from someone—someone who wanted to kill him. Only, he knew at the same time that he was no longer Chad Nichols.

Slowly, he made his way quietly through the narrow passages of the building. Somehow he knew where he was going. He was headed to the top of the building where a ship would carry him to safety.

He could feel the excitement coursing through him as he approached the top of the building. Oh, he'd outwitted him again! Did any of them really think they'd ever be able to catch him?

Above him, beyond the next landing he could see the stars and around him, the sound of the wind could be heard. Just a few seconds more and he'd be safe. Then he'd be calling the turns.

He pulled himself upon the landing. A few feet ahead was his ship and... Suddenly, a blinding light enveloped him. He lost all sense of direction as he turned trying to escape it.

"It's no use, Dr. Westmore," he heard a familiar voice say. When his eyes adjusted to the light, he saw the tall, imposing figure he knew so well—Jod Cramer, otherwise known as Captain Spatial.

Panic swept over him. He could not move.

"No," he heard himself saying. "I'm not someone known as Westmore. I'm Chad Nichols. I'm a publisher. This is all a crazy dream." But the pistol in Jod Cramer's hand was no dream, and the fabric of his suit felt only too real beneath his hand.

"No...no," he was screaming. "No...no..."

He thrust himself forward, losing balance. He felt himself falling. He felt the pain when his head hit the landing surface.

He opened his eyes. The landing and Jod Cramer were gone. He was in his office and he could still feel the pain where his head had hit the desk.

"It was only a dream," he thought with immense relief.

From the other room, Henry's sharp, shrill voice could be heard as he talked with someone on the telephone.

"But you have to fix it today," he was saying. "This typewriter is an inspiration to me. I don't want to use any other. I work much better with it."

Something inside Chad Nichols froze as he listened to Henry's words. The typewriter had broken down—was that the only thing that had saved him? If Henry had been able to complete the story—what then?

He tried to be logical about it! It was only a dream, of course. It had to be a dream. An outdated typewriter does not possess magical powers. It can't thrust a man into a scene from an imaginary story. Why, then, should he feel this panic?

And then he knew! His dream had been perfect in every detail to the outline he had read earlier this morning. But what really bothered him were two things. He remembered how cutting he had been to Henry Silvers all these years. And he remembered, too, the horrible manner in which all of Henry's villains, and especially Dr. Westmore, died at the end of every Spatial story.





# BLACK MAGIC

Out of the night a hand shook her shoulder...  
"wake up" said a hollow reverberating  
voice... "wake up and see a

## COFFIN FOR YOUR WEDDING DAY!

W-WHO'S THERE?  
PHIL! PHIL! WAKE  
UP! WE'RE  
NOT ALONE!

ON A JANUARY WEEK END IN 1949, EILEEN NOBLE AND HER FIANCE, PHIL LANG, SAT IN FRONT OF A DYING FIRE IN A RUTLAND, VERMONT SKI LODGE... THEY WATCHED WITH GROWING DROWSINESS, AS THE EMBERS CAST THEIR HYPNOTIC SHADOW PICTURES... WATCHED AND TALKED OF IMPENDING MARRIAGE PLANS...

IT'S GOING TO BE SO WONDERFUL BEING MARRIED TO YOU, PHIL...

I... I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T HEAR YOU... GOSH, I'M TIRED! SHOULD HAVE TURNED IN WHEN THE REST OF THE GUESTS DID, I GUESS!



THE WARM ROOM... A STRENUOUS DAY ON THE SKI SLOPES... ALL WAS CONDUCIVE TO THE SLEEP THAT CAUGHT UP TO BOTH OF THEM. SUDDENLY EILEEN BOLTED INTO COMPLETE WAKEFULNESS! SOMETHING LIKE A COLD HAND PASSED OVER HER FACE... FRIGHTENED HER!

WAKE UP!  
WAKE UP,  
EILEEN  
NOBLE!

W-WHO ARE YOU? WHERE...  
WHERE ARE YOU?  
PHIL!



A CHILL RAN THROUGH EILEEN'S VEINS AS SHE REALIZED PHIL HAD BEEN ASLEEP! THAT SOMETHING ELSE... SOME UNSEEN PRESENCE HAD AWAKENED HER!

I... I MUST HAVE DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP! WHAT... WHAT'S WRONG?

AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! BUT... BUT YOU WERE ASLEEP, WEREN'T YOU?



IT WAS NO DREAM! LOOK, PHIL... TH-THAT LIGHT...

YOU MUST'VE DOZED OFF, TOO... MAYBE YOU DREAMED SOMETHING!





# BLACK MAGIC

EVEN AS SHE STARTED EXPLAINING, THE SMALL LIGHT, GLOWING WITH A WEIRD PHOSPHORESCENCE... THICKENED... TOOK FORM.

I'M FRIGHTENED!  
TERRIBLY  
FRIGHTENED!

TAKE IT EASY,  
BABY! OUR IMAGINATION  
MUST... MUST BE  
PLAYING TRICKS!



IN THE COFFIN, THERE WAS A GIRL! A GIRL STILL BEAUTIFUL IN ETERNAL SLEEP... CLAD IN A WEDDING GOWN TOO EASILY IDENTIFIED! A HORRIBLE REVELATION THAT STRUCK TERROR IN THEIR HEARTS!

THAT GIRL!  
IT... IT'S ME!  
OH-H-H-H!



BACK HOME, THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE A NIGHTMARE TO EILEEN! NOTHING PHIL COULD DO WOULD REASSURE HER THAT NORMALCY HAD RETURNED! SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT THE NEAR FUTURE HELD ONLY DEATH!

ALREADY FINISHED WITH YOUR EXAMINATION? WHAT DID THE DOCTOR HAVE TO SAY?

I... I'M... FIT AS A FIDDLE... HE SAYS!



GOOD GRIEF! A COFFIN!

ALL... ALL THOSE FLOWERS! JUST SMELL THE GARDENIAS! IT... IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



RACKED WITH TERROR, PHIL BARELY FOUND THE COURAGE TO STAY IN THE NIGHTMARISH ROOM AND CONSOLE EILEEN WHO SHRIEKED AND SOBBED IN WILD HISTERIA...

E-EASY, BABY! W-WE'LL LEAVE THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY! LOOK! THE THING IS DISAPPEARING AGAIN... ALL BUT THAT UNEARTHLY GLOW!

I... I CAN'T STAND IT! IT WAS ME IN MY WEDDING DRESS!



OF COURSE YOU ARE! YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT! MAKING YOUR WILL... WRITING INSTRUCTIONS AS TO YOUR LAST WISHES... PUTTING YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER FOR... FOR WHAT? STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS! MAKE PLANS FOR OUR WEDDING INSTEAD!

MAYBE I HAVE BEEN FOOLISH!





# BLACK MAGIC

AS WEEKS PASSED, THE STRAIN LESSENED... AND EILEEN GRADUALLY LOST THE SHARP EDGE OF FEAR THAT HAD HAUNTED HER SO LONG. THEN, ON APRIL 4, 1949!

DROP US A POST CARD!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE SHE MAKES!

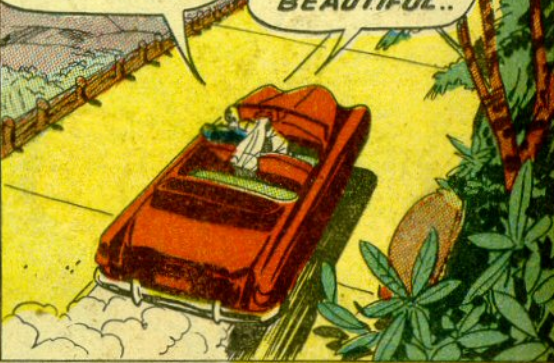
GOOD-BYE, EVERYBODY! SEE YOU ALL SOON!



HAPPINESS... BUBBLING INTO ECSTASY WAS IN THEIR HEARTS AS THEY SPED SWIFTLY ALONG THE ROAD TO THE ADIRONDACKS... AND THEIR HONEYMOON COTTAGE!

EILEEN LANG! HOW DOES IT SOUND, DARLING?

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND IN THE WORLD! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL..



ALMOST DUSK... THE LAST TEN MILES TO GO... SUDDENLY, AROUND THE BEND OF A MOUNTAIN, A TRUCK CAME HURTLING, HOGGING THE ROAD!

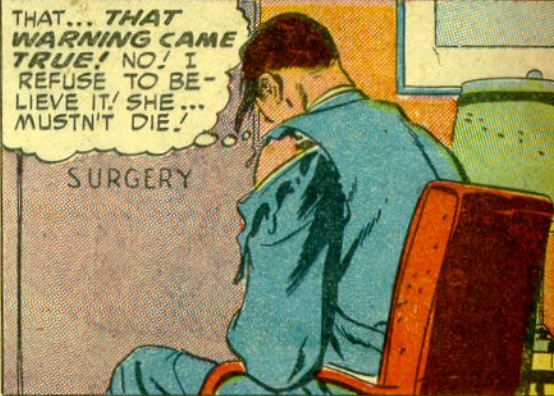
THAT TRUCK! IT... IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!



METAL RANG AGAINST METAL... RESOUNDING ITS HORRIBLE CLAMOR, AS THE CARS COLLIDED! DAZED BUT UNHURT, PHIL NUMBLY WATCHED AN AMBULANCE DRIVE AWAY WITH THE BARELY ALIVE BODY OF HIS BRIDE! THEN, FOR HOURS, HE WAITED OUTSIDE A DOOR MARKED... OMINOUSLY... SURGERY!

THAT... THAT WARNING CAME TRUE! NO! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT! SHE... MUSTN'T DIE!

SURGERY



3-SHE'S ALL R-RIGHT? DON'T TELL ME SHE'S...

SHE'LL LIVE, SON! SHE'LL LIVE AND BE SOUND AGAIN IN TIME! THAT'S WHAT AMAZES ME!



I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOC! DIDN'T YOU THINK YOU COULD SAVE HER?

NOT A DEAD WOMAN! YOUR WIFE WAS DEAD, YOUNG MAN! HER HEART STOPPED BEATING FOR FIVE MINUTES! BUT WE MANAGED TO RESTORE THE BEAT THROUGH MASSAGE! IT WAS A MIRACLE!



PHIL RUSHED IN TO RECLAIM THE BRIDE WHO HAD RETURNED FROM THE SHADOWS... WHAT SPIRITUAL PHENOMENON HAD WARNED THEM OF SUCH EVENTS TO COME? HOW? WHO CAN DISCOUNT SUCH STORIES OF OCCULT PORTENT... PARTICULARLY WHEN THE STORY IS TRUE AND WAS WITNESSED BY BOTH OF THEM!



# STOP crying about PIMPLES



## Sebasol Method Supported By Diverse Medical Opinions

Leading medical authorities differ on the importance of various contributing factors to externally caused acne and pimples.

These factors are: diet, vitamin deficiency, personal hygiene, occupational exposures and postural habits.

The Sebasol method recognizes the importance of all these contributing factors and each of them is an integral part of the Sebasol treatment.

The Sebasol method is not designed to relieve all skin disturbances, and is not prescribed to treat individual cases due to systemic causes. But, to our knowledge, the Sebasol method is the only complete treatment of its type offered to sufferers of common skin maladies. Until new facts are discovered, there is nothing known to science which can do more for the relief of bad skin.

### Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to the return of the price paid for the Sebasol complete treatment but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** unless you actually see and enjoy a remarkable improvement in your skin condition. The test is at our risk. All you do is return the unused portion of the treatment if not completely satisfied.

*Comate Laboratories Inc.*

## AMAZING NEW TREATMENT FIGHTS PIMPLES\* WITH FIRST APPLICATION

Yes, you can stop shedding tears over unsightly externally caused\* pimples, acne and blackheads because here is a new method of complete skin care based on the most recent scientific knowledge of complexion problems.

We therefore make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is made to those who are suffering from bad skin and are earnestly interested in enjoying a clearer—smoother—healthier-looking skin again.

To YOU we offer the fruits of our search for a formula, the best that science has developed for attacking common skin problems. Our experience has convinced us that the SEBASOL method is without equal in overcoming externally caused acne and pimples. We have therefore come to a decision—unprecedented, so far as we know, of taking all the risk ourselves.

### YOU GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We believe the SEBASOL method of skin care is the greatest aid that has ever been offered to those interested in avoiding the misery of a bad skin. We can and do promise that after a 30-day trial you must see and enjoy a remarkable difference in your skin or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**.

We know we could not make this offer unless the SEBASOL complete treatment is all we say it is.

You want the clearest, smoothest and healthiest skin. That is your birthright. Study our guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**.

### ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Neglect of acne can result in permanent scarring of your skin so act now! Take the first step—now—toward the good skin you desire. Fill out the coupon and mail—today—for a full 30-day supply. Price \$3.00, only 10¢ a day. Isn't your skin worth the best?



COMATE LABORATORIES INC., Dept. 2202CS  
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush at once the complete Sebasol skin treatment (30 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment or you **GUARANTEE DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of the unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$3.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order)  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

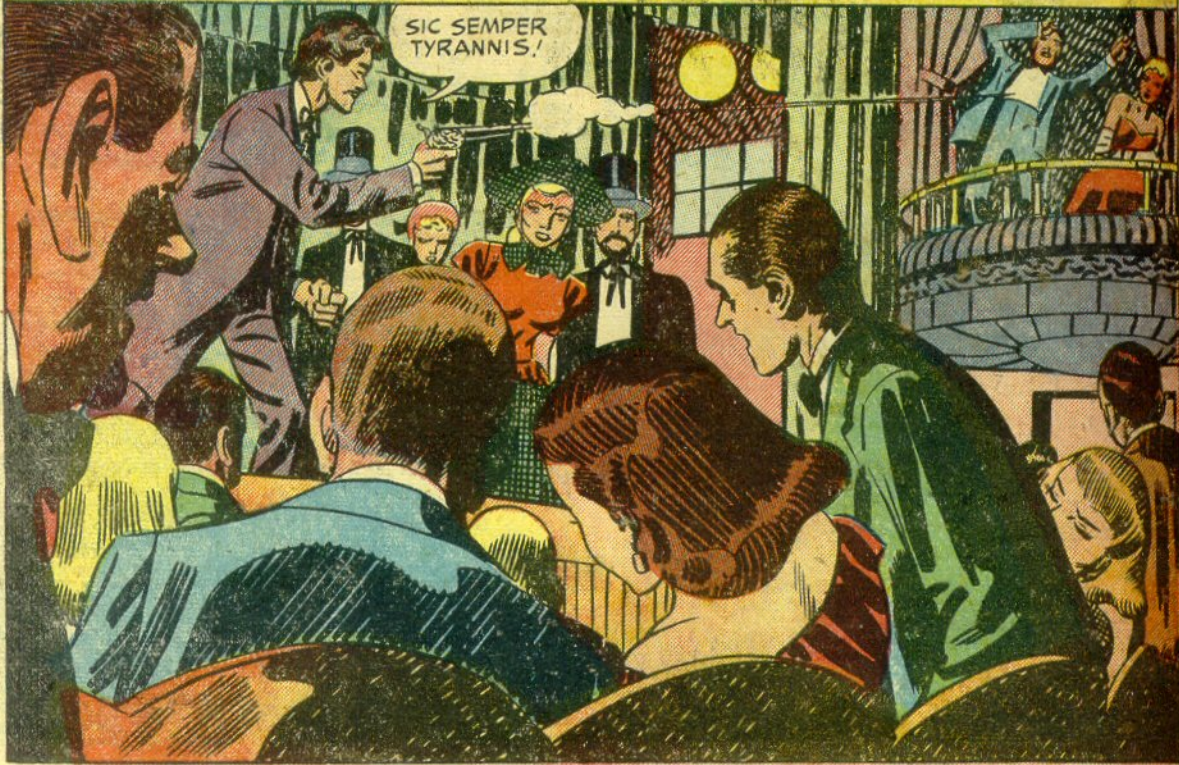
APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25 cents. No. C.O.D.



# BLACK MAGIC

THE STRANGEST OF THINGS HAPPEN WHEN CONDITIONS ARE RIGHT!  
THE VERY CURTAINS OF THIS EARTHLY VEIL COULD PART AND IN  
ONE TERRIBLE INSTANT, RELEASE A LEAPING HORROR LIKE

## The ASSASSIN!



"THE MINUTE HE OPENED THE DOOR TO CARLSON'S OFFICE, **HAROLD LAWTON** FELT HE WAS LETTING HIMSELF IN FOR TROUBLE. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY. IT WAS JUST A FEELING. SAM CARLSON'S PROVERBIAL CIGAR WAVED IN GREETING AS LAWTON ENTERED...

HAROLD! COME ON IN! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! YOU KNOW **TODD WYATT**, DON'T YOU?

I DIRECTED THE **FIRST** PLAY HE EVER WROTE. HOW ARE YOU, WYATT?

HOPING YOU'LL DIRECT **ANOTHER**, LAWTON!

CARLSON WAS KNOWN AS A TOPNOTCH PRODUCER ON THE MAIN STEM. BUT, HE COULD BE SOLD ON THE UNCONVENTIONAL. WYATT MUST HAVE FOUND HIM A SETUP FOR THE SCREWBALL PLOTS HE FOUNDED OUT.

HAROLD TODD HAS GIVEN ME ONE OF THE GREATEST IDEAS I'VE EVER HAD. HE'S REWRITTEN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" THE PLAY **LINCOLN** WAS WATCHING THE NIGHT HE WAS ASSASSINATED!





# BLACK MAGIC

DO YOU GET THE  
ANGLE WE'RE  
DRIVING AT?

PROMOTION, HARRY!  
THINK OF THE PROMOTION  
POSSIBILITIES! IT'S A  
NATURAL!



WE'LL OPEN ON APRIL 14TH, THE NIGHT OF THE  
ASSASSINATION...AND, WE'LL  
GET A GUY WHO LOOKS  
JUST LIKE **JOHN  
WILKES BOOTH**  
TO PLAY THE  
LEAD!

WE'LL  
**FLOOD**  
THE PAPERS  
WITH PRESS  
RELEASES  
AND...

WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
WAIT A  
MINUTE!



BOOTH **DIDN'T**  
HAVE A PART IN  
THAT PLAY! HE  
WAS IN THE  
AUDIENCE THE  
NIGHT LINCOLN  
WAS SHOT!

WHO KNOWS THAT?  
**WHO CARES?**  
WHAT ARE YOU A  
WET BLANKET, OR  
SOMETHING?



IF YOU WEREN'T  
THE ONLY MAN WE  
FEEL WHO CAN  
DIRECT THIS PLAY,  
I'D TOSS YOU  
OUT OF HERE!

BEFORE I GET THE "HEAVE-  
HO"... TELL ME... HOW  
FAR HAS THIS THING  
PROGRESSSED? WHO  
IS THE GREAT  
TALENT YOU'VE  
CAST FOR THIS  
INFAMOUS ROLE?



WE'VE GOT JUST THE GUY! HE'S A DEAD  
RINGER FOR BOOTH! AND, HE'S AN  
ACTOR... A DARN GOOD  
ACTOR  
TOO!  
**ERNEST HOLLY!**

OH  
BROTHER!



IT WAS A  
BLUEPRINT  
FOR  
DISASTER! A  
WHIMSICAL  
PRODUCER...  
AN ARTY  
PLAYWRIGHT...  
AND TO  
TOP IT ALL...  
AN ACTOR  
WITH A  
REPUTATION  
FOR HIS  
NEUROTIC  
SHENANI-  
GANS! LAWTON  
WAS  
THINKING  
HARD! THIS  
GIMMICK-  
SMELLED  
BAD... BUT,  
MONEY...  
**NEVER!**

LOOK! ERNEST HOLLY  
HASN'T HAD A PART  
IN TWO YEARS!  
HE'S ERRATIC!  
A NUT! WHY  
HIM?

NOW WAIT A  
MINUTE, HAROLD!  
HOLLY IS A  
**GREAT** ACTOR!  
SO HE'S HAVING  
WOMAN TROUBLE!  
SO HE **BROODS!**  
SO WHAT? IT  
CAN HAPPEN  
TO ANYBODY!





# BLACK MAGIC

ERNEST HOLLY HAD BEEN A GOOD ACTOR! BUT, HE ENTERED A **MAY-DECEMBER** MARRIAGE, AND, IT HADN'T WORKED OUT. MARION, HIS WIFE HAD RECENTLY BEEN SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF JOHNNY HAMMER, THE POLITICIAN! THIS SITUATION MADE ERNEST HOLLY A **DANGEROUS** RISK...



THEY FOUND HOLLY LIVING IN A COLD WATER FLAT ON THE WEST SIDE! HE OPENED THE DOOR TO THE THREE OF THEM, REVEALING AN APARTMENT IN COMPLETE DISARRAY...TO MATCH THE OCCUPANT, LAWTON THOUGHT!





# BLACK MAGIC



LAWTON, WHO HAD WORKED WITH EVERY TYPE OF ACTOR, KNEW AT ONCE WHAT HOLLY WAS UP TO! BUT SAM CARLSON **WOULDN'T** LISTEN TO "WORRIERS"; HIS MIND WAS ALREADY IN THE BOX OFFICE... COUNTING ADVANCE SALES!

I TELL YOU, SAM, **I DON'T LIKE IT!** DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HOLLY'S FACE WHEN WE SAID HE'D BE ALONE ON THE STAGE THE PRECISE MOMENT LINCOLN WAS SHOT? HE'S UP TO NO GOOD, THAT MAN!

YOUR IMAGINATION IS RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED! **SLOW DOWN!** YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LAWTON WAS KEPT BUSY CASTING, SCORING, REHEARSING! FATIGUE SEEMED TO REPLACE HIS FEARS ABOUT ERNEST HOLLY!

LOOK, LAWTON! DON'T TRY TO KID ME! I KNOW CARLSON'S TACTICS TOO WELL! **HE'S GOING TO RESTAGE THE LINCOLN ASSASSINATION** ON OPENING NIGHT... ISN'T HE?



IT'S A **NATURAL** FOR A PUBLICITY STUNT! HOW ABOUT A CONFIRMATION FOR MY COLUMN?

GO AHEAD! PREDICT IT IF YOU LIKE! BUT IT **WON'T** COME OFF! YOU NEWS-PAPER GUYS ARE ON THE WRONG SCENT!



WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE, A **BUNCH OF GHOULS**? THIS IS A STRAIGHT, DRAMATIC PRODUCTION! ALL THE ACTION WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE **STAGE!**

OH, YEAH? WELL, HOW COME I **COULDN'T** GET A BOX FOR OPENING NIGHT? THE GUY OUT AT THE WINDOW TOLD ME THE LAST BOX WAS **RESERVED** FOR A **SPECIAL PARTY!**



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? EXCEPT FOR THE HOUSE SEATS, EVERY TICKET IN THE PLACE IS UP FOR **PUBLIC SALE!**

THAT **ISN'T** WHAT THE TICKET SELLER TOLD ME!





# BLACK MAGIC

HE SAID HOLLY HAD EXCHANGED HIS HOUSE SEATS FOR A **BOX**... AND THAT'S THE **VERY** BOX LINCOLN WAS SITTING

IN WHEN HE WAS SHOT! YOU CAN DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS! BUT, IF YOU WANT MINE, THEY'LL BE IN MY COLUMN TOMORROW MORNING!



LAWTON WAS STUNNED! HE **DIDN'T** WANT TO BELIEVE WHAT HE WAS THINKING, BUT, THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO SURMISE! CIRCUMSTANCES WERE SHAPING UP TO FORM THE WORD, **DANGER!** SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE... AND DONE **FAST!** THE FIRST THING, WAS TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HOLLY'S ESTRANGED WIFE!

WHY, YES! ERNEST SENT US THE TICKETS FOR THOSE BOX SEATS! THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S PLANNING FOUL PLAY...



ERNE ISN'T **THAT** CRAZY, AND BESIDES, THE FOOL IS MAD ABOUT ME!

IT SOUNDS TOO CORNY!... EVEN FOR A SELF-INFLATED HAM LIKE HOLLY!



BUT, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF BIRD WHO WOULD TRY IT! A DRAMATIC GESTURE! TAILOR-MADE! TAKE MY ADVICE! RETURN THE TICKETS!

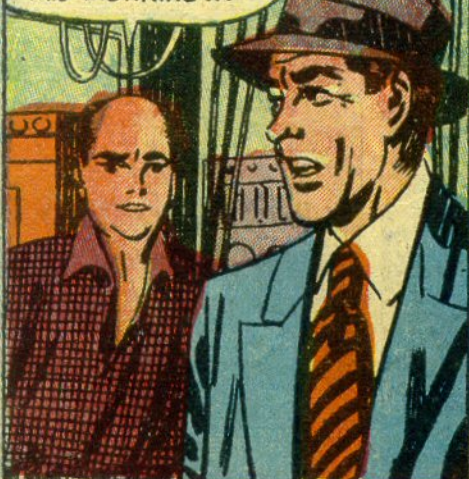
YOU'VE JUST SOLD ME ON GOING! I'M GOING TO WATCH THAT LITTLE **WORM** LOSE HIS NERVE... AND LAUGH RIGHT IN HIS FACE!

**PRECISELY!** GOOD DAY, MISTER LAWTON!



MAYBE, THEY WERE RIGHT! MAYBE, HE WAS NEEDLESSLY WORRIED! LAWTON DIDN'T KNOW! HE REMEMBERED THAT INSPIRED, SINISTER LIGHT IN ERNEST HOLLY'S EYES! AND LAWTON KNEW THAT EVEN, IF NOTHING DID HAPPEN... **IT COULD HAPPEN!**

MISTER LAWTON! ERNEST HOLLY HAS DISAPPEARED! HE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR REHEARSAL THIS MORNING...



WE CHECKED AT HIS APARTMENT! BUT, HIS LAND-LADY SAID HE WASN'T HOME ALL NIGHT!

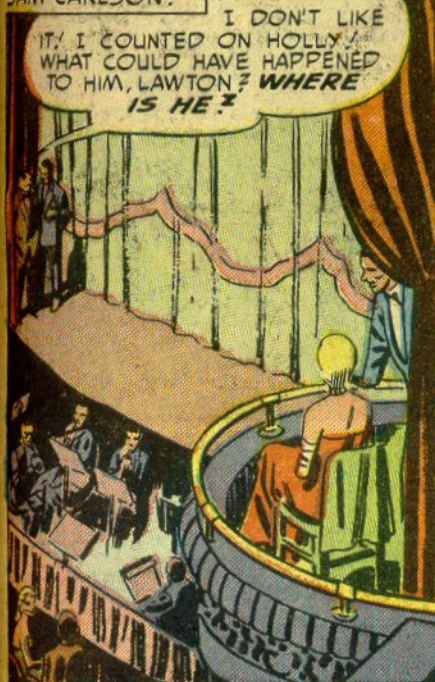
TRAVIS, THAT'S THE **BEST** NEWS I'VE HEARD TODAY! I HOPE HOLLY GOT AMNESIA AND WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE! PUT HIS UNDERSTUDY TO WORK!





# BLACK MAGIC

LAWTON WAS A DIFFERENT MAN THAT WEEK! WITH HOLLY OUT OF THE WAY, REHEARSALS RAN SMOOTHLY! WHEN OPENING NIGHT ARRIVED, LAWTON STOOD IN THE WINGS WITH HIS FINGERS CROSSED... TRYING AT THE SAME TIME, TO COMFORT THE EVER NERVOUS SAM CARLSON!



I DON'T LIKE IT! I COUNTED ON HOLLY! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM, LAWTON? WHERE IS HE?

IT'S A BAD BREAK! A ROTTEN BREAK! OF ALL TIMES...

WILL YOU STOP WORRYING? THERE'S A GOOD CROWD OUT THERE AND... LOOK! HERE COMES HOLLY'S WIFE WITH HAMMER! THEY'VE JUST OCCUPIED THE BOX!



WHO CARES ABOUT THEM? W-WHERE'S HOLLY? WHY HASN'T HE SHOWN UP?

IF YOU PLEASE, GENTLEMEN... I MUST MAKE MY ENTRANCE SOON...



HOLLY!

HE'S BACK! I THOUGHT I TOLD THOSE IDIOTS NOT TO LET HIM GET PAST THE STAGE DOOR!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, HOLL...

LEAVE HIM ALONE, LAWTON! DON'T RATTLE HIM NOW!



IT WAS TOO LATE! THE CURTAIN WENT UP! AND ALL LAWTON COULD DO, WAS SWEAT IT OUT!

MISTER LAWTON! THAT'S ERNEST HOLLY OUT THERE! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

WHO KNOWS! QUIET... I'VE GOT TO WATCH THAT GUY LIKE A HAWK!





# BLACK MAGIC

THE THEATRE REACHED AN EXPECTANT HUSH WHEN HOLLY SUDDENLY STALKED ONSTAGE! THE COLUMNISTS HAD KEYED THE AUDIENCE FOR THIS MOMENT! IT HAPPENED QUICKLY! VIOLENTLY! THE BEAST OF SOUND! THE RED LANCE OF FIRE! THE SCREAMS...



SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!

IT'S A GAG! HE SHOT HIM!

GO ON! HE WAS ONLY USING BLANKS!

HOLLY! YOU CRAZY FOOL!



LAWTON FELT HOLLY BRUSH PAST HIM! HE REACHED FOR HIM! BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, ALL HE COULD GRASP WAS COLD AIR! AND THEN, STRANGER YET FROM OUTSIDE THE STAGE ENTRANCE, THE ONLY SOUND THAT COULD BE HEARD WAS THE CLATTER OF RAPIDLY DEPARTING HOOF-BEATS...



THE NEXT THING HE KNEW, LAWTON WAS IN HIS OFFICE, SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE!

HAMMER'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WITH A THIRTY-EIGHT! WHICH WAY DID THAT ACTOR GO, LAWTON!

HEY! WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT?



IT WAS HOLLY! HE PULLED THE STUNT LIKE YOU PREDICTED!

ARE YOU TRYING TO RIB ME? I JUST LEFT HOLLY IN PHILADELPHIA! I TRACED HIM THERE WHEN I HEARD HE WAS MISSING...



HE WAS BLABBERING ABOUT SOME SILLY SCHEME HE HAD TO MURDER JOHNNY HAMMER! BUT, AT THE LAST MINUTE, HE GOT COLD FEET AND BEAT IT OUT OF TOWN!

BUT, HOLLY WAS HERE! TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE SAW HIM SHOOT JOHNNY HAMMER!



AND, I SAY HE WAS IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE TIME ... SO PLASTERED, HE COULD HARDLY MOVE! MAYBE JOHN WILKES BOOTH SHOT HAMMER! BUT IT WASN'T HOLLY! HEY... WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? DID I SAY SOMETHING?



END



# Miss Lee - Fashions

## Style #633 MISTY LACE

Sheer enchantment with the magic of lace! . . . Exquisitely lovely sheer net clings lovingly over bare shoulders to a figure-caressing bodice of imported Chantilly Lace that falls into a graceful peplum and cascades helplessly to the hemline of the widest of wide filmy dancing skirts (over its own slip). Colorful blushing flowers highlight a tiny waist. In Superb Quality Celanese Taffeta and Marquisette net

### BEWITCHING COLORS:

- BLACK • AQUA
- WHITE • ROSE

### IN ALL SIZES

9-11-13-15-17  
10-12-14-16-18-20

only **9<sup>98</sup>**

16½-18½-20½  
22½-24½-26½  
38-40-42-44-46-48

only **10<sup>98</sup>**

## Imported Chantilly Lace

## Style #C-8—POLKA DOTS

For dancing . . . for romancing . . . Lace the "Gretchen" bodice firmly to the breathtaking polka dot décolletage. The full-bodied skirt swishes and rustles as you walk, as you dance. In finest quality silky rayon.

### IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS:

- BLACK • GREEN
- BROWN • AMERICAN
- ROSE • BEAUTY

### IN ALL SIZES only

9-11-13-15-17  
10-12-14-16-18-20

**6<sup>98</sup>**

16½-18½-20½ only

22½-24½-26½  
38-40-42-44-46-48

**7<sup>98</sup>**

Send 10c  
for our  
latest  
catalog!



SEND ON APPROVAL—10 DAY FREE TRIAL

MISS LEE-FASHIONS, Inc., Dept. YR

400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me the following dresses in style, size and color indicated. If not delighted I may return dress within 10 days for refund.

Style No.	Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1.00 deposit. I'll pay postman balance plus postage.

☐ I enclose full amount \$\_\_\_\_\_ you pay postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

A.P.O. and Foreign Orders must be Prepaid



*Mothers-  
Housewives-  
HERE'S AN AMAZING  
New Plan!*

# Gorgeous Dresses for You *without* *paying 1¢...*

YOUR CHOICE  
OF MORE THAN  
100 BEAUTIFUL  
NEW STYLES

AND OPPORTUNITY TO EARN UP TO \$7.00 IN A DAY  
IN EASY DELIGHTFUL SPARE TIME VISITING!

Washable linen-  
weave rayon.  
Crease-resistant  
—color-fast.  
Champagne or  
Creme-de-  
Menthe.



Delicate  
green fern  
printed on  
white pique  
sundress and  
bolero.

Suit perfection  
in cool, light-  
weight rayon—  
Topaz yellow,  
White, Coral  
Red Navy.

No wonder thousands of happy women everywhere are raving about this amazingly easy plan to get dresses WITHOUT PAYING ONE PENNY! It's so simple! We send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the famous Harford Frocks full color presentation showing more than 100 latest dress styles at LOW, MONEY SAVING PRICES. You show them to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers and members of your family... send in as few as 3 orders... and presto!... you select a dress for yourself, your own style, fabric, and size, and it's yours, without paying even one penny! You can get dress after dress this delightfully easy way, and be doing your friends a big favor, bringing them the very latest fashions at astonishing low prices. Yes... all gorgeous, fine quality fabrics... all sizes, even stouts... and not only dresses, but also lingerie, hosiery, suits, children's wear, etc. You need no experience, and you can do all this in your spare time. Mail the coupon at once for FREE Sample Outfit, and see for yourself.

**Imagine! Up to \$7.00 in a Day  
For Your Spare Time!**

And here's more great news! If you prefer, you can make good money taking orders—actually up to \$7.00 in a single day—because famous Harford Frocks are so exclusive, so well made, so utterly charming, and such wonderful values, that dozens and dozens of women who see them will give you their orders. Yes, when you rush the coupon below you are entering on an exciting adventure... dresses of your own without cost—money of your own for all the things you'd like to have. No matter where you live or what your age, rush this coupon now. SEND NO MONEY. Everything you need to start will be rushed to you ABSOLUTELY FREE!

**Mail Coupon Now  
... Everything FREE**

You've never seen such an elaborate, costly presentation of lovely dresses, and it's all YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE—just for sending the coupon. You'll see a complete selection of the very latest gorgeous styles—dresses, separates, mix-and-match, convertibles, new casuals, little girls' dresses—all shown in full real colors and offered in all quality fabrics—rayons, nylons, cottons, woolsens, crepes—at amazingly low prices, and guaranteed to fit, wear and launder or money back. You don't pay one penny now or ever for this wonderful presentation. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE! Rush coupon now!

**HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.**

DEPT. G-1141, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO



HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.  
Dept. G-1141, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Rush Absolutely Free the complete Harford Frocks Style Presentation so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one cent for them, and making money in spare time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Dress Size \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



# Now Reduce

TUMMY MEASUREMENT

UP TO

**4 inches\* Instantly**

... or pay **NOTHING!**

**IT'S FABULOUS!**

Most amazing foundation  
ever made featuring

**BREYV** the new

**Miracle TUMMY THINNER!**

**FABULOUS**, with extra added **Breyv**, the miracle Tummy Thinner, flattens tummy *instantly*. Flabby, bulgy front is pushed back in and held there. Immediately after slipping into **Fabulous** your tape measure will read up to 4 inches\* less than before. Think of it. No other foundation—regardless of price, can do more—because only **Fabulous** has **Breyv**. But convince yourself—make the tape measure test and prove to your own satisfaction what **Fabulous** with **Breyv** will do for you—or *pay nothing*.

**LIGHTWEIGHT MAGIC**  
**NO STEELS! NO BONES! NO STAYS!**

**Fabulous**, with **Breyv** combined, has double hold in power, yet weighs less than so-called lightweight belts. There are no steels, no bones or stays in **Fabulous**! Extra, added **Breyv** does all the work and does it better! Designed with the non-roll waistband of **Latex**. Will not and cannot roll up or down.

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
**ORDER ON APPROVAL!**

Convince yourself! Simply mail the coupon. **Fabulous** with **Breyv**, the 2-in-1 girdle, is guaranteed to reduce your tummy measurement up to 4 inches\* instantly. If not *delighted* with the instantaneous results return in 10 days for immediate refund! Don't miss this offer! Order today! **ON APPROVAL! Now!**

\*According to your anatomical structure.



**BEFORE**  
Flabby tummy roll, ugly bumps and bulges. Clothes look awful. Nothing fits right. Look years older... pounds heavier than you really are.



**MAKE THE TAPE MEASURE TEST!**  
A tape measure tells the story. Measure tummy relaxed and note size. Now, take a deep breath—hold it—and again take measurement. Notice that tape reads up to 4 inches\* less than before!



**AFTER**  
**FABULOUS** with **BREYV** is really 2-GIRDLES-IN-1! Lay one hand firmly on your abdomen. Press up and in. This comfortable support is the basic control of **FABULOUS**. NOW—place your other hand on top, and press up and in with both hands. Takes in tummy *twice* as much with both hands. That's what added **BREYV**, the new miracle **TUMMY THINNER**, does for you. Gives you *twice* as much **Hold-In-Power**.

- REDUCES TUMMY APPEARANCE INSTANTLY
- TRIMS LOOKS OF HIP AND THIGH
- TUCKS IN WAIST
- NO STEELS
- NO BONES
- NON-ROLL WAISTBAND
- 2 GIRDLES IN 1

**Only**  
**\$4.98**

**WARD GREEN CO., Dept. F2**  
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

**RUSH** my **FABULOUS** Girdle with **BREYV**—new miracle Tummy Thinner, as indicated below, **ON APPROVAL** by Return Mail in plain wrapper. I'll pay postman amazing low price of only \$4.98 plus postage. If not delighted with the sensational results, if it doesn't **REDUCE TUMMY MEASUREMENT** up to 4 inches\* **INSTANTLY**, I may return in 10 days for full refund of purchase price on Special Money Back Guarantee Offer!



My waist size is.....

Send regular style ☐

☐ Send panty style (\$5.50)

☐ Extra panty crotch pieces 75¢ each

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone.....

State.....

☐ I enclose \$4.98 (Panty \$5.50). Sent prepaid. (Ward Green pays all postage.) Some **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** applies.

Canada and foreign countries no C.O.D. Send \$5.50. Panty \$6.00.

**FABULOUS** with **BREYV**, instantly shapes  
and molds you to the size you've always wanted

*Created by* **WARD GREEN CO.**

113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



## GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

Act Now



BOYS  
GIRLS  
LADIES

ACT  
NOW

Mail  
Coupon

**WE ARE RELIABLE  
OUR 56th YEAR**

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours.

**SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. **WILSON Chem. Co., Dept. 145-T Tyrone, Pa.**



## GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT NOW



We  
Are  
Reliable

Write or  
Mail Coupon

**BOYS - GIRLS**

1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission

now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 145-U TYRONE, PA.**

## GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT  
NOW

56th  
Year



**BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES -** Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon now. Our 56th year. Be first. **WILSON Chem. Co., Dept. 145-V Tyrone, Pa.**

## GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



ACT  
NOW



OUR 56th YEAR

BE FIRST

Cub Fishing Outfits, Footballs, Baseballs, Basketball Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 145-W TYRONE, PA.**

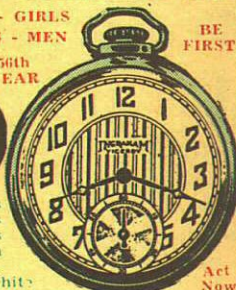
## GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



BOYS - GIRLS  
LADIES - MEN

56th  
YEAR



Act  
Now

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. **WILSON Chem. Co., Dept. 145-X Tyrone, Pa.**

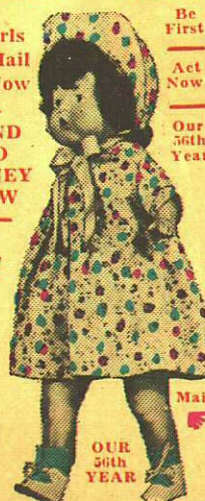
## PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Mail  
Coupon Now

SEND  
NO  
MONEY  
NOW

WE  
TRUST  
YOU



Be  
First

Act  
Now

Our  
56th  
Year

Mail

Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Complete School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. **WILSON Chem. Co., Dept. 145-Y Tyrone, Pa.**

## GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



ACT  
NOW

BOYS - GIRLS  
LADIES - MEN

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 145-Z TYRONE, PA.**

## MAIL COUPON TODAY

**WILSON Chem. Co., Dept. PG-145 Tyrone, Pa. Date** \_\_\_\_\_  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
St. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Print LAST \_\_\_\_\_  
Name Here \_\_\_\_\_

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW